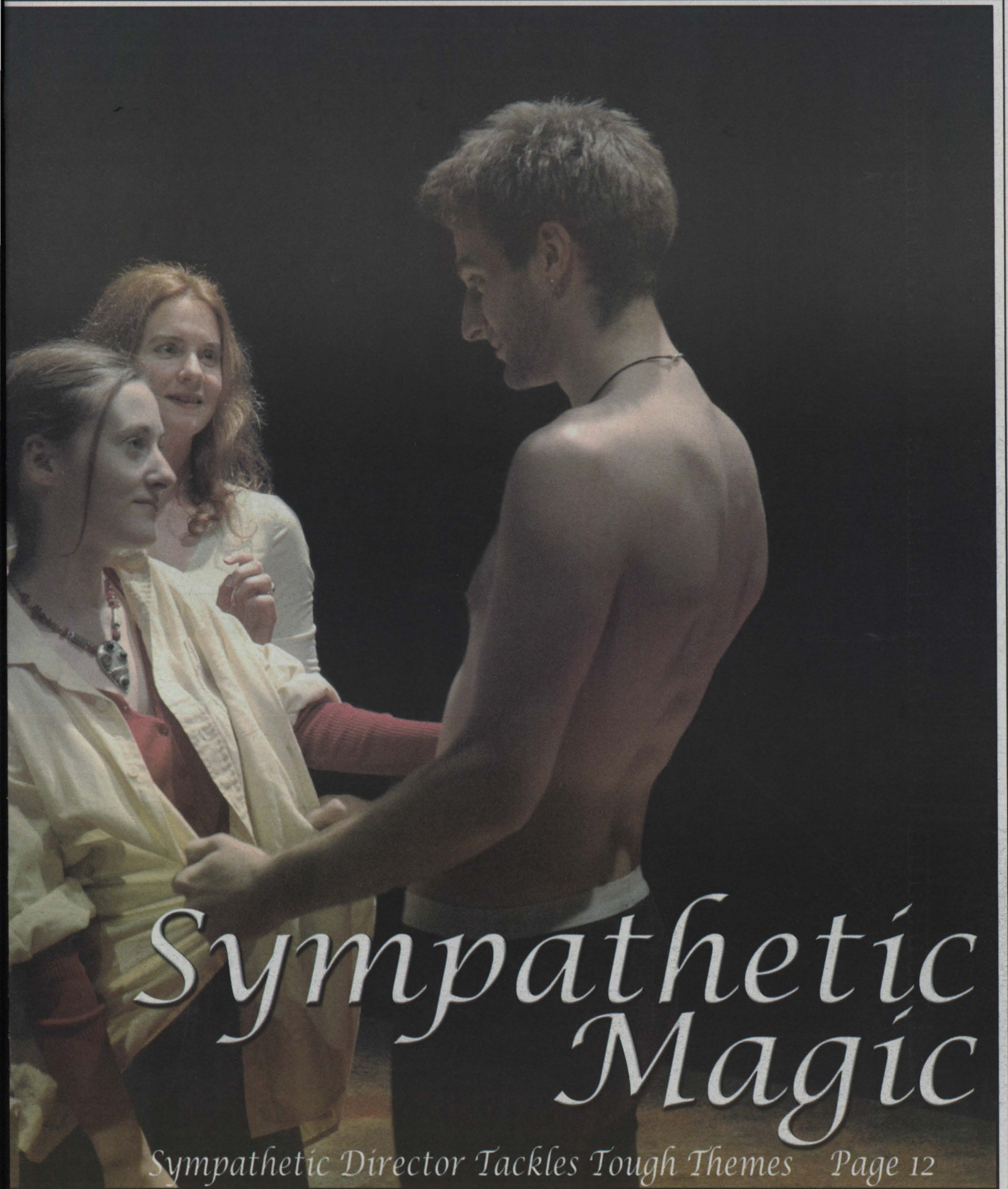


March 9/Vol.31, Issue 20



The Other Press

Actively alliterating since 1976



Sympathetic Magic

Sympathetic Director Tackles Tough Themes Page 12

The Other Press

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Howdy, folks.

Welcome to another exciting issue of the Other Press. We've been toiling away in the bowels of the New West Campus this week in order to bring you a whole new whack of thrilling student journalism. Now, I don't know how many of you have ever spent time "toiling in bowels" before— but trust me, it ain't pretty. So never doubt our love for you.

News Editor Brandon Ferguson has pulled another brilliant "News to Amuse, Peruse, and Confuse" out of his...er, word processor, and Opinions Editor Colin Miley puts our resident Lefty and Righty (Iain and J.J.) to task with a series of scintillating questions (scintillating if you're into politics, anyway).

Oh sure, we could stop right there and you'd already have so much more than your money's worth, but no, the OP don't play that way. If you act now, at no additional charge you'll also receive our fine Arts & Entertainment articles, featuring an inter-

view with *Sympathetic Magic* director Sarah Rodgers. And, for a limited time only, we'll throw in Feature stories on closure and tree planting, as well as the *entire* Sports section. You heard right, the *entire* section. It seems too good to be true, I know, but all of this can be yours, for the low, low price of only \$79.99.

What? You thought the Other Press was free? Are you kidding me? Who in their right minds would work this hard just to give their product away for free? What are you, a bunch of bloody commies or something?

Don't worry about it though. It's cool. You can pay me for all the back issues you've read at the same time you pay for this week's issue. Cash is preferred, but cheques are acceptable too. Just make them out to me, Amanda Aikman, and drop them off in the Other Press office at your earliest convenience. I'll be waiting.

Till next week,

—Amanda Aikman, Managing Editor



Submission Guidelines

The weekly deadline for submissions is Wednesday for publication the following Wednesday. Letters to the Editor, vacant sections, and "time-sensitive" articles (weekend news, sports, and cultural reviews) will be accepted until Saturday noon and can be submitted to the editor at: othereditor@yahoo.ca

All other submissions should be forwarded to the appropriate section editor. Please include your name, phone number/email address, and word count, and submit via email as an MS Word.doc attachment to the attention of the appropriate editor.

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The Other Press is Douglas College's autonomous student newspaper.

The Other Press is run as a collective and is published weekly during the fall and winter semesters, and monthly (as a magazine) during the summer.

We receive our funding from a student levy collected every semester at registration,

and from local and national advertising revenue. The Other Press is a member of the Canadian University Press (CUP), a cooperative of student newspapers from across Canada. We adhere to CUP's Statement of Common Principles and Code of Ethics—except when it suits us not to. The Other Press reserves the right to choose what to

publish, and will not publish material that is racist, sexist, or homophobic. Submissions may be edited for clarity and brevity if necessary.

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The Other Press Mailbag

DEAR SIR/MADAM,
RESULTS FOR PROMOTIONAL DRAW IMPERIAL LOTTERY UK wishes to inform you of the results of its Promotional draws held on the 5TH of FEBRAURY 2005 as part of our New Year bonanza. We are happy to officially inform you that you have emerged a winner under our Third Category Draws, which is part of our promotional draws. Participants were selected through a computer ballot system drawn from 40,000 names/email addresses of individuals and companies from Africa, America, Asia, Australia, Canada, Europe, Middle East, and New Zealand as part of our International Promotions Program.

Your Lottery Claim is attached to ticket number 75-521-25, with serial number 9680-085-0, and drew the lucky numbers 02 21 27 40 46 48 (24) to emerge one of the third category winners.

You have consequently been awarded a lump sum pay out of £2,000,000.00 (Two Million Great Britain Pounds) in cash, which is the winning payout for Third Category winners. This is from the total prize money of £12,000,000.00 shared between six international winners in the category.

CONGRATULATIONS!

Your fund is now deposited with CASHFLO FINANCIAL SERVICES LTD, insured in your name. In your best interest and also to avoid mix up of numbers and names of any kind, we request that you keep the entire details of your award strictly from public notice until the process of transferring your claims has been completed, and your funds remitted to your account. This is part of our security protocol to avoid double claiming or unscrupulous acts by participants/non participants of this program.

We also wish to bring to your notice our mid year (2005) high stakes where you stand a chance of winning up to £15,000,000.00, we hope that with a part of your prize you will participate.

Please contact your claims agent immediately, to begin your claims process:

MR. HARRIS PARKER
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FAX: +44-20-7681-1925
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For due processing and remittance of

your prize money to a designated account of your choice. Remember, you must contact your claim agent not later than two weeks from the date you received this email. After this date, all funds will be returned back as unclaimed.

NOTE: For easy reference and identification, Find below your reference and Batch numbers, remember to quote these numbers in every one of your correspondence with your claims agent/Company.

REFERENCE NUMBER: IL6341-9
BATCH NUMBER: 289-4PP

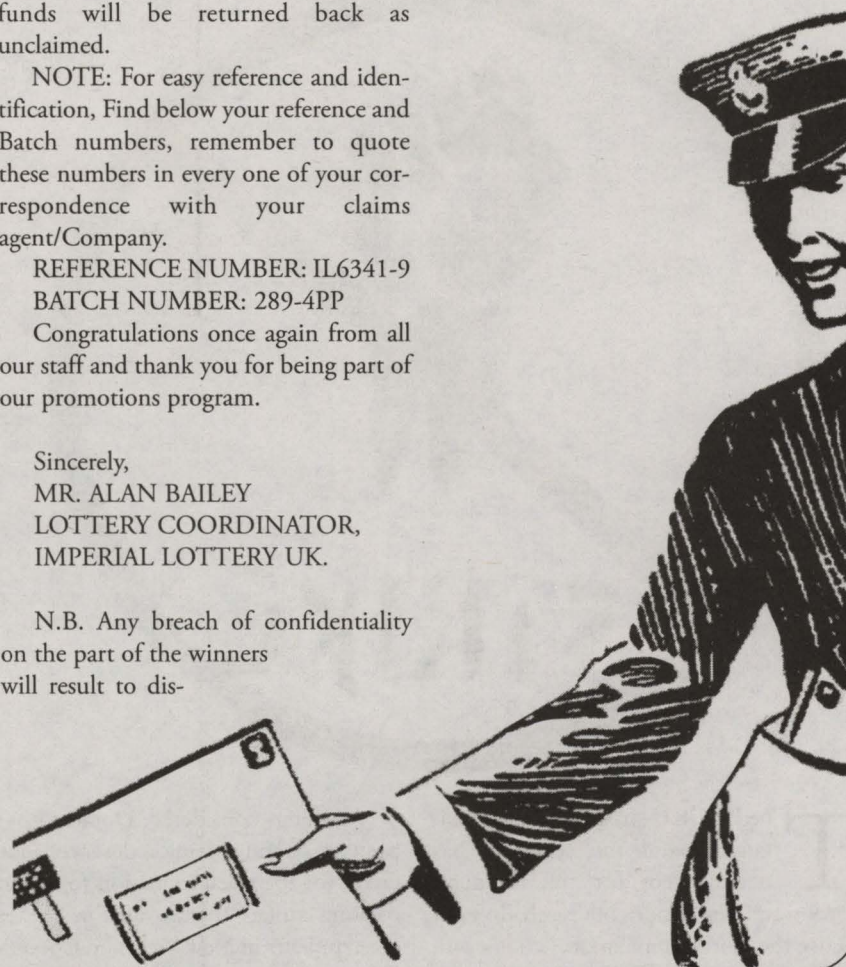
Congratulations once again from all our staff and thank you for being part of our promotions program.

Sincerely,
MR. ALAN BAILEY
LOTTERY COORDINATOR,
IMPERIAL LOTTERY UK.

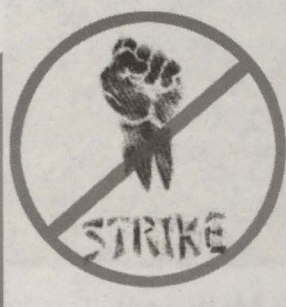
N.B. Any breach of confidentiality on the part of the winners will result to dis-

qualification. Please do not reply to this email. Contact your claims agent Mr. Harris Parker as specified above.

(TERMS AND CONDITIONS APPLY)

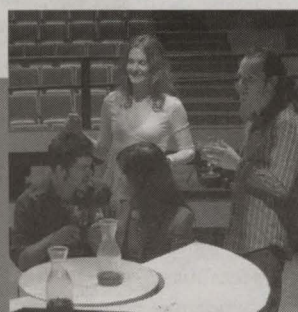
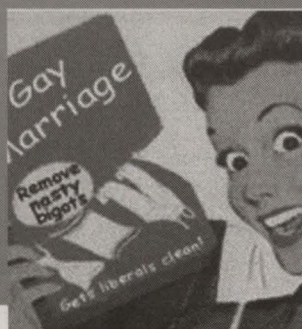


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Ding Dong, The Strike is Dead

Eighty-six percent of BCGEU workers vote to accept settlement

Brandon Ferguson, News Editor



The BCGEU strike has ended, tentatively, and the semester has been saved, for the moment. Pardon my trepidation, but rarely do I get to use the word “trepidation,” so it’s with great trepidation (and bubbling enthusiasm), that I announce the strike to be dead. Dead like tight-rolled blue jeans, dead like Gecko shirts, dead like Joe Piscapo, Jimmy Hoffa, and Crystal Pepsi. Tentatively, we can all graduate or move on towards graduation.

On Thursday and Friday, BCGEU members from Douglas College voted on the latest proposal from the government. The deal was sweet enough to convince some eight percent of the union to accept. The deal is now before the Post-Secondary Employers’ Association and faces a period of ratification, one that will see labour experts look over the deal and iron out any wrinkles that need ironing.

It’s Friday for me too. Relevant metaphors aren’t too high on the list of “things to do.”

“We’re very happy with the progress made and that we can resume the semester with as little impact on the students as possible,” said often-copied but never-duplicated Director of Communications and Marketing Office Brad Barber, who’s been a peach of a peace officer throughout this battle.

All things considered, Douglas got off pretty easy, and the union deserves a lot of credit for their determination to maintain rotating strikes that would, in the end, cost students in New West and Coquitlam only one day in total lost classes. Which means my excuses for absences and late assignments suddenly seem trite and hollow.

To compensate for any possible disruptions and delays in classes, individual instructors have been given the option to extend classes by two days, making April 8 your last possible last day of school.

Details of the final deal were unavailable due to the ratification process, but 86 percent of the union workers voted to accept the proposal.

Although there has been an almost obsessive-compulsive desire to herald all negotiation-related actions as being “for the students,” and an equally strong impulse for your News Editor to mock this mantra, in the end it would seem that every effort was made to spare students from the feared fate of an expensive semester do-over. After the final tally, no college experienced as little net disruption as Douglas College did.

With the deal in its final death throes of acceptance, it appears that the ends have justified the means. Which is a great life lesson...for the students.

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The Other Press is giving away Millions!

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Simply send an email to othereditor@yahoo.ca and you and a lucky friend can attend the preview at Fifth Avenue Cinemas (March 10, 7pm). Quantities are limited so act now!



News to Peruse, Amuse, and Confuse

Brandon Ferguson, Fake News Editor

Negotiations Continue to Hold Up Labour: Children refuse to cross picket line

Talks between soon-to-be parents Erin McCracken and Derek Mann have broken off, and a return to the bargaining table seemed unlikely last Wednesday. The breakdown may pave the way for more labour unrest and job action.

Currently fighting over potential names for their overdue twin girls, the lines have been drawn in the sand: McCracken, 28, wants edgy and strong names to symbolize her rise in the advertising ranks at local firm Wexler, Wombat, & Associates, while Mann, 32, is looking for more ancestral names that pay homage to his family lineage.

"I really thought the offer I tendered was reasonable and fair," McCracken said, from room 4420 at Royal Columbian Hospital—ground zero of the recent strike. "I've maintained all along that there was no way I'd go for any of his family heritage suggestions, that it had to be a mutual agreement between Derek and me."

"He rejected it, claiming that it was important to carry on the memory of his late Great Aunt. Great Aunt? I mean, what the hell is that anyways? I had a cool cousin, but you don't see me naming my kids after him. Besides, his name wasn't freaking Mary-Beth."

Countered Mann, "We're having twins. I don't think it's too much to ask that I get to name *one* of them at least."

McCracken and Mann dated for three years, a period that saw a steady diet of neglect, distance, and no increases in nights out. The two broke up over two years ago, and have not had a working relationship since, save for the odd fall-back fling.

"It's certainly a strange situation, but by no means unique, and we'll make it work for the children," McCracken said. "When it happened, when we got together, I was just feeling a little lonely and wanted attention. I hadn't been on a date

with a man in months. I guess you could say that I'd been on zero man-dates, and zero man-dates are pathetic and unbearable."

Labour talks have reached an impasse in the ongoing mediation between the two parents, with no end in sight. The two sides are currently arguing over the merits of McCracken's choice, Madison, and Mann's Mary-Beth. While the two sides hammer out an agreement, or talk about hammering out an agreement, or pretend

Caught in the middle of this labour strife is—no, not the children—but the hospital and its staff.

"Every time they [McCracken and Mann] get close to reaching a deal, and we induce labour, one of them will have a fit and Ms. McCracken will just stop and cease labour. She's done this four times now," said Dr. Charles Hestrin, a cardiovascular surgeon speaking on behalf of Royal Columbian.

"We have a number of staff who

as "ludicrous."

"We can't pay for people's parking, and we aren't going to give preferred treatment to anyone for anything—food or otherwise," he said during a break in surgeries. "This is supposed to be a moment of great importance and wonder, the birth of a child into the living world, and this settlement can't wait any longer. They must deliver an agreement soon, for the future health of the children."

Responded Mann, "We'd be financially ruined by the current cost of giving birth. Parking rates are rising faster than inflation, and our dollar doesn't go as far as it used to. They must cave to our demands in order to ensure the future welfare of the children."

With seemingly little reason for optimism, the hospital has been forced to call in a third-party mediator. Though Minister of All Things Maternal, Mother Goose, was unavailable, she did send her right-hand woman, Deputy Daisy Duck.

"I have sent Ms. Duck in on a fact-finding mission," Minister Goose said, by way of a press release. "She will look around, see what advice she can offer, and report back to my office with her findings."

"Any suggestions she does make, though," Goose added, "will of course be made with the children's best interests in mind."

Both sides seemed optimistic that the mother-sent mediator would lead to a quick and timely resolution. McCracken announced that she would no longer stop labour, while Mann conceded to forego any plans to name the children after deceased relatives.

"It's a positive step forward and a really good sign when both sides are willing to sit down and talk," Deputy Duck said. "I think we're a lot closer to a resolution today than we were last week."

"And of course, now the children have a chance of making it out on time without the fear of being held back a year."

At press time, McCracken was going in to labour as word leaked of a possible deal. According to sources, McCracken got her choice of Madison, while a compromise was struck to settle on Marilyn as the second name. Both parties seemed upbeat, as the hospital support staff finally got back to the work of delivering the children into the world.

Right after a 15-minute coffee break.



to talk about hammering out an agreement, the twins have been stuck in limbo—a virtual sac of amniotic fluid-like limbo.

The twins, as yet unnamed, have refused to cross the picket-line threshold until a deal is reached.

It is believed that McCracken is seeking a guaranteed Madison with an increased interest in April. Mann is fixed on Mary-Beth, though further details are limited.

"Due to the sensitive nature of these negotiations, it is best to keep that kind of information private at this time," said Mann's best friend and spokesperson, Tom Barnes. "By the very tenuous nature of these things, releasing any information could be detrimental to the process of getting an agreement in place."

"Which is of paramount importance," he added. "This is, after all, for the children."

come in to deliver the twins: a pediatrician, two nurses, the Ob-gyn. And the poor midwife has to travel in from Chilliwack every time Ms. McCracken goes in to labour," he said. "Then she'll just announce that 'labour's not happening today' and everyone has to go home and there's nothing we can do about it."

"It's been endlessly disruptive, and all she's doing is preventing the children from getting out and on with their lives."

"And it's important that we do what's right for the children," he added.

Naturally, money has become a major issue in this ongoing battle. Mann has requested reimbursement for his mounting parking tolls, claiming his "dollar doesn't go as far as it used to." McCracken refuses to eat the hospital food and has demanded better food benefits, on par with those received by movie stars and *Emeril Live* audience members.

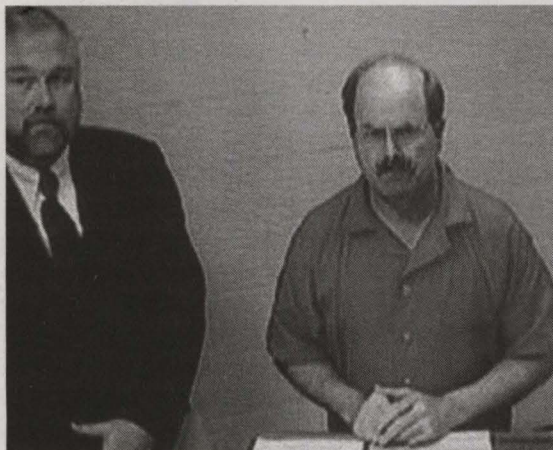
Dr. Hestrin characterized the demand



News Wears Short Shorts

Brandon Ferguson, News Editor

BTK Charged With Ten Murders in Kansas



After years in hiding, only returning to the public eye briefly to release their *Sesame Street*-like video for "Peppy Rock," Canadian rap group BTK has finally been charged with the murders of ten people in the Kansas area.

In 1974, a family of four was found strangled to death in their Wichita, Kansas home. Over the next three years, three more women turned up dead—all attributed to the self-professed Bind Torture Kill murderer, who had by now developed a relationship with the local media, specifically the *Wichita Eagle-Beacon*. The BTK killer sent letters, poems, and even a victim's driver's license to local papers and authorities. BTK even reported one of his own murders. The police released that tape to the public in 1979.

BTK was not heard from again until he murdered twice more in 1985 and 1986. The last known murder attributed to BTK was in 1991—seven years before BTK would burst onto the Canadian music scene with "Peppy Rock."

What? Oh, actually the BTK killer is some dude named Dennis Rader from Wichita. So let's clear this up right now: Dennis "BTK" Rader, Bind Torture Kill guy, lived some crazy double life as a church-going family man while savagely killing ten people; BTK, Birth Through Knowledge, had a hit single "Peppy Rock" in 1998 that spoke of positive vibes with scratch-heavy beats.

Police were led to Rader after obtaining a DNA sample from his daughter without her knowledge. While in custody last Wednesday, Rader was visited by his church's pastor, Reverend Michael Clark, who told the Associated Press, "We are not going to cut him off. I could tell that he was relieved. He is still a part of the body of Christ—and that is something some people will have a hard time hearing."

Indeed. On the same day, Wichita city council voted, unanimously, to fire Rader as the city's compliance supervisor. They cited "failing to show up for work without calling in" as the reason for his dismissal. No word on whether he'll receive benefits or release a best-of LP.

Lebanese Want Syria Out

Under mounting international pressure, but more due to massive protests in Beirut's Martyrs Square, the pro-Syrian puppet regime government of Lebanon resigned on the last day of February. The resignation came two weeks after the assassination of former Lebanese Prime Minister, Rafik Hariri.

With 25,000 protesters assembled outside the Parliament building, Prime Minister Omar Karami and his Cabinet resigned to the jubilation of the crowd. Now the peaceful mob is demanding the withdrawal of 15,000 Syrian troops, and the resignation of pro-Syrian President, Emile Lahoud. Don't fret—I'm not sure how having a prime minister and president works, either.

The protest has been compared to the Ukrainian Orange Revolution, which saw "fraudulent" election results overturned in favour of pro-Western President Viktor Yushchenko. Pay attention, kids—some day we may be called upon to

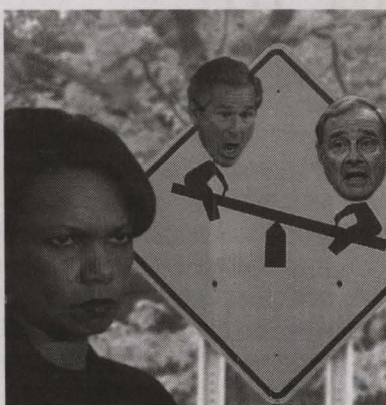
do more than simply vote in an informal CTV-sponsored poll to make our voices heard.

Internationally, leaders from Russia to Germany, Saudi Arabia to France, and of course, the US, have all called on Syria to remove their troops from Lebanese lands immediately. Who can ever resist sticking their noses in where they ain't wanted?



In the region though, Saudi Arabia has had closed-door talks with Syrian President Bashar Assad, in which Saudi Crown Prince Abdullah has demanded the Syrian withdrawal of troops. Former PM and current dead guy Hariri was also a Saudi citizen and close friend of the Royal Family. My sources (internet geeks) tell me that President Assad asked the Saudis to wait until March 23 to make this demand, when an Arab nation meeting will be held in Algeria. The thinking is that if there were a united Arab demand for Syria to withdraw, then Syria could appear to bow to Arab pressures only, rather than international whim and meddling. Crown Prince Abdullah said "no dice."

Democracy seems to have infected Beirut, the place where 220 Marines were killed by a truck bomb in 1983. I hate to say it, but given the new government in Iraq, the peaceful protests in Lebanon, and the reforms being made in Egypt, maybe, just maybe, Bush was actually...nah, I'll pass.



Martin to Rice: "Oh No You Didn't"

For those of you who still feel that politics is an empire too drab for your viewing pleasure, we present you with a Valley Girl version of the current missile-defense drama unfolding between Canada and the US.

Ohmygod, did you hear what happened? It's totally unbelievable, fer sure. Canada's Prime Minister Paul Martin totally dissed the US. I

mean, WTF? They were, like, totally best friends a few years ago, and now, they like totally have a hate-on for each other.

Okay, so first Paul's all like, "Bitch, I ain't meeting up with you after school to fight that weird, angry Iraqi kid." And the US was all in Paul's face, saying stuff like "What do we care about you? You're, like, only our largest lunchtime trading partner, what do we need you and your weak-wrist momma for?" So Paul was like, totally wounded and stuff, and I even heard he cried or something.

Anyways, that was like, last semester, or some junk, and they kinda repaired their relationship, but only because Paul all invited US President Dubya over to his house for a little makeout session or something. He totally put the moves on him and tried to get back in touch with his Bush. And Bush was totally for it! Fer sure.

Now that things were all cutesy pie between Paul and Bush, everyone was like "You two are totally getting

married or something." They were passing notes back and forth in international class, praising each other whenever, gabbin' on the phone and stuff—it was totally gross. PDA with the USA—sick! But wham! After petting the Bush's ego, Bush tried to slip his missiles into Paul's private territory—no no, not there, way up north. But Paul was like "Uh uh! I don't think so." What a tease. Like, totally.

So now Bush's new g/f, Condi Rice, has totally snubbed Paul and is refusing to come over to play. She was supposed to come on some diplomatic visit in April, but I guess Bush was all worried that Paul would put the moves on her too, so he kept his Condi home. Which is totally dumb. Have you seen her? It'd take at least a case of beer to get me in bed with that buck-toothed elf—and even then, that's only cuz I've got a total thing for power. Shh, teacher's looking. I'll text you later with the 411. Peace.

Pimpin' Ain't Easy, But Graduating May Be Even Harder



The Way Things Sometimes Are
CF Miley, Opinions Editor

Graduation is quickly approaching, and I've got that ol' "deer in the headlights" feeling. New fears have replaced old habits, a crushing debt load looms where my Freedom-35 plan used to be, and the prospect of getting work scares the bejesus out of me. Although living under an overpass wearing newspapers for pants and a shirt that says, "Touch of Class" sounds good in an Eels' song, it doesn't particularly appeal to me personally.

To that end, I give you my ideas for how this "slice of life" opinionist will go about "gettin' my earn on" after I graduate.

Maybe, I'll write a tell-all book documenting Martha

Stewart's time in prison. Here's a brief excerpt that I've been sending out to publishers, trying to land that six-figure book deal that I so richly deserve.

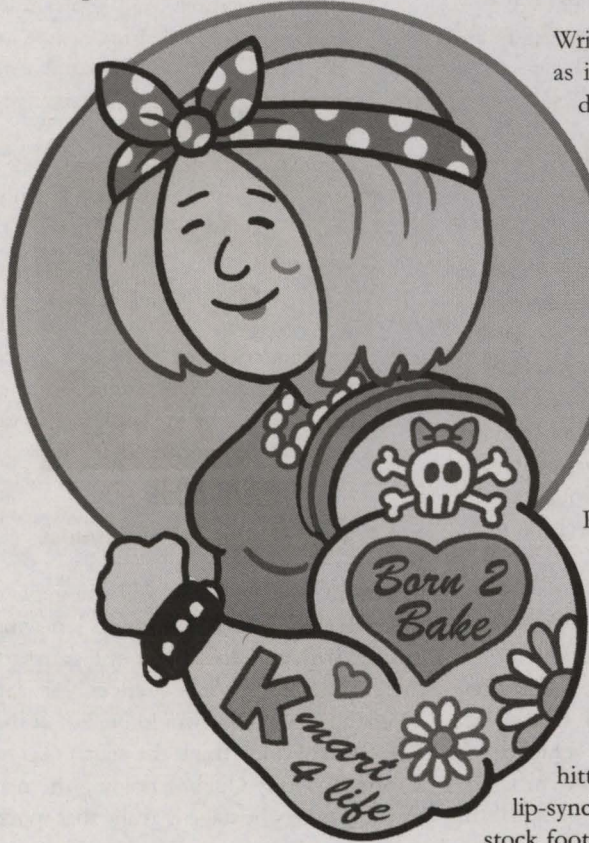
"It wasn't all lacey shivs and blueberry scones cooked in a shoebox wired with a 40-watt light bulb," Stewart confessed as she gently stroked the large amorphous skull-with-dice-for-eyes tattoo that now graces her left forearm. "I joined the Pink Bitches my second week on the inside, because those filthy ho's ova in cell block C kept gettin' all up in mah grill. Bitches were mad hard. They wuz all like, 'Obbbbbb, look at tha fresh meat. I'm gonna git me some of that,' and I wuz all like, 'No you ain't, Ho. Tell me you didn't just say that. It's on Muthafucka.'"

Stewart was then jumped, beaten into unconsciousness, and found lying in a pool of her own potpourri. "Afta that shizgle, I knew two things: I needed protection and I had to hit tha weight-pile mad hard." From the look of her chiseled frame and huge pipes, Martha did indeed lift hard while in "tha boosegon."

"Yeab," she says, "I was pushin' 220 fo' reals Biggie Steels, y'know what I'm sayin'? You gots to be hard, Beeotch. Matra a fact, gimme your wallet, Ho. I gots this mad tip on some super-hype futures commodities-type shit, and I gots ta call mah broka." Stewart then grabbed me by my hair and threw scalding hot coffee in my face because I "wuz movin' slower than a 40-pound bird cookin' at a 175 degrees."

Writing tell-all books isn't as easy as it sounds. Instead, maybe I'll dye my hair snow white, grow a Kentucky-fried mustache and goatee, and stage a public-relations coup by bringing Rob Pilatus and Fabrice Morvan—better known as Milli Vanilli—back to the world. They'll call me Colonel Miley, and I'll get the lads a reality show on Fox called *The Biggest, Fakest Piece of Crap Ever*. Since Rob Pilatus is dead, I'll have to Photoshop him into his scenes, but that shouldn't be a problem. It'll be perfect, actually. If Rob does anything wrong, I'll just go "control z" to undo.

The show will blend hard-hitting journalism with lip-synching contests, lap dances, and stock footage of various jungle animals



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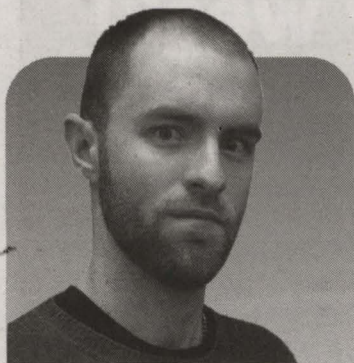
"doing it." Between Rob and Fab hosting Charlie Rose-style interviews, we'll have features like "Make Your own Fake Dreadlocks," and, "Synchronized Dancing for Dummies." The show will be followed closely by the release of an album titled simply *Return*, in which Gregorian chants will be mixed with nails on a blackboard and howling dogs.

Once I'm filthy rich, I'll become a larger-than-life figure, alternating philanthropy with a blend of hedonism that would make all four members of Motley Crüe blush like nubile geisha girls. I'll balloon up to 385 pounds, fuelled by a diet of grits 'n' gravy, raw steak, and huge quantities of the finest pharmaceuticals money can buy. I'll be admitted to Mount Sinai Hospital for an emergency quadruple-bypass, but mysteriously disappear 24 hours later. Vigils will be held across the globe and chat rooms will crash servers due to the insane amount of internet traf-

fic generated each time another "sighting" is reported. The US government will claim that I "never actually existed," later reporting that I was merely "a weather balloon." Speculation as to my existence, whereabouts, and meaning will rival porn and television as "the #1 procrastination technique for youth aged 14-34" for a brief period in 2007.

If neither of those ideas pan out, I could always look for an "Editorial Assistant's position in a fast-paced environment with opportunity for advancement." As an "energetic writer/editor whose dedication to craft is rivaled only by his passion for creativity," I should be able to make at least 14 bucks an hour. I never thought getting bitch-slapped by Martha Stewart or having life-threatening heart surgery would actually sound better by comparison. Shows you what I know.

Mommy "Left" Me Alone: Ten Questions with a Member of "The Liberal Elite"



Left Overs
Iain Reeve, OP Columnist

1) *What decision in Canadian politics has excited you the most in the last year?*

I'd say it's a tie between the introduction of gay-marriage legislation, which acknowledges a major outstanding human-rights issue in Canada, and Paul Martin throwing down and saying no to the missile-defense program. I think that many Canadians are not convinced that a program with one successful test involving a low-speed missile fixed with a tracking device is something worth spending money on.

2) *Which decision pissed you off the most?*

I was none too pleased with the budget. While, to a degree, I understand the need for new military spending, I think any budget that offers new money for social programs followed by a whole series of new tax cuts is questionable. If you want your cake, you have to pay for it, kids. Also, I think letting Stephen Harper into parliament to regale us with tales of how

homosexual marriage will lead to polygamy was also a poor decision.

3) *What one law could be enacted to make the world a better place?*

Where does one start? To go with a very hopeful choice, I'd like to see Canada pass an amendment to the Charter of Rights and Freedoms ensuring everyone in Canada to a minimum standard of living, thus enshrining Canada's socio-liberal tradition to avoid tampering by the government du jour. It may prevent the current trends of rollbacks to social programs by neo-conservatives that we are currently seeing.

4) *Should gay couples be allowed to marry, use the word "marriage," and have all the rights that same-sex couples legally enjoy?*

Unequivocally yes. Opposition to gay marriage reminds me of opposition to interracial marriage. It came with all the same promises of evil, horribly maladjusted children, and the destruction of society as we know it. To this day interracial marriage has not destroyed society and has become culturally accepted. It's a simple issue of human rights, and homosexual couples deserve the full package, just like everyone else.

5) *Are all high-ranking politicians inherently corrupt due to the amount of money it takes to get elected, and the bedfellows it inevitably creates?* I would not say there is any inherent corruption. A person's standing morally is largely defined by the morality of their actions. Being a politician gives you a lot of leeway to do some downright crummy

things. Some abuse their power from the second they take office, extorting money, fitting enemies with cement galoshes, etc. Some, the good ones, manage to avoid temptation and keep to their morals. Unfortunately, in the system we have set up, those who are moral tend to not get the election funding and support that those who are immoral do.

6) *If Quebec held another separation referendum tomorrow, how would you vote, and why?*

If I were a Quebec citizen given the chance to vote, I would certainly vote no. I understand, and am sympathetic to, the concerns of many French Canadians, having grown up in a French neighbourhood. Canada should stand as a whole; we should be an example to the world that cultural differences need not divide us when so much more is similar.

7) *Define "the liberal elite, the liberal agenda, and/or the left-wing liberal media," making a case for why your definition is whatever it is.*

Since I think the liberal elite is somewhat self-explanatory and the liberal agenda varies, let's talk about the left-wing media. Some people—kept intentionally vague so as not to refer to J.J. by name—would have you believe that networks such as CNN and NBC in America, and CBC in Canada, have a left-wing slant. I disagree with this. If you compare the occasional left-wing bias of CBC, which tends to swing left in the same places as most Canadians do, to the right-wing bias of Fox News in the US, it becomes clear that "extreme left-bias" is nothing compared to what they have on the right.

8) *Does Gordon Campbell deserve to be re-elected? If no, who does?*

Mr. Campbell does not deserve to be in office now, since he got tipsy and endangered the lives of the fun-loving people of Hawaii. Besides that, four years of union busting, poor busting, student busting, and back massages and stiff drinks for the wealthy of the province means that it's time for a change. I am, however, not wholly impressed with Carole James and the NDP so far. I mean...WHERE THE HELL ARE THEY? So, I guess we shall see. In the meantime, if the NDP fails, perhaps we should create our own branch of the Canadian Extreme Wrestling Party, which decides their leader via a 14-man battle royale. Don't believe me? Look it up on Google.

9) *What makes Canada unique in your eyes?*

Simple answer. Multiculturalism. The embracing of people from many cultures. Too few people take advantage of it, though. Stow your preconceptions sometime and go down to Chinatown. We can see different cultures by hopping on a SkyTrain instead of a plane.

10) *Does Douglas College need a mascot? If so, why, and what should it be?*

I think we need something that represents not just the feelings and emotions of Douglas College students, but something that speaks to the attitudes of young people all across Canada. Thus, my choice: Andy the Apathetic Antelope.

"Right" is Right: Ten Questions with a Conservative Elitist

1) *What decision in Canadian politics has excited you the most in the last year?*

I think the conclusion of Gordon Campbell's "citizen's assembly" on electoral reform was a pretty exciting development. Though I don't personally agree with the recommendation the committee came up with, I think the fact that we even had a citizen's assembly in the first place was an important step in achieving serious political reform in this country. I hope it sets a precedent.

2) *Which decision pissed you off the most?*

The decision made by Ontario voters to re-elect the Liberal Party for a fourth time. Honestly, how much more corrupt does a government have to get before you say "enough?"

3) *What one law could be enacted to make the world a better place?*

Abolishing the joke that is the United Nations and replacing it with an effective global body that is seriously committed to promoting human rights and democracy around the world. But I'm not holding my breath.

4) *Should gay couples be allowed to marry, use the word "marriage," and have all the rights that same-sex couples legally enjoy?*

I think civil unions for gay couples are the most obvious solution to the situation. If you get equal rights, what difference does it make what name you call the partnership?

5) *Are all high-ranking politicians inherently*

corrupt due to the amount of money it takes to get elected, and the bedfellows it inevitably creates? I'm inclined to say yes. I think it's just the reality of modern politics that you have to accept that every prominent politician, even the ones you may personally admire, will ultimately be beholden to the interests of certain special-interest groups at the expense of common-sense decision making.

6) *If Quebec held another separation referendum tomorrow, how would you vote, and why?*

That's a hard one to answer. I am often confused as to why exactly I should feel passionately about keeping Quebec in Canada. After all, this is the province responsible for the idiotic bilingualism laws, our embarrassingly pacifist, anti-



RIGHT HOOK
J.J. McCullough, OP Columnist

American foreign policy, and the general unrepresentative dominance of left-wing politics within Canada. No one can predict what the consequences of an independent Quebec would be, but at the same time, I don't think the status quo of a spoiled, whiny Quebec holding the rest of the country hostage is really that much more productive.

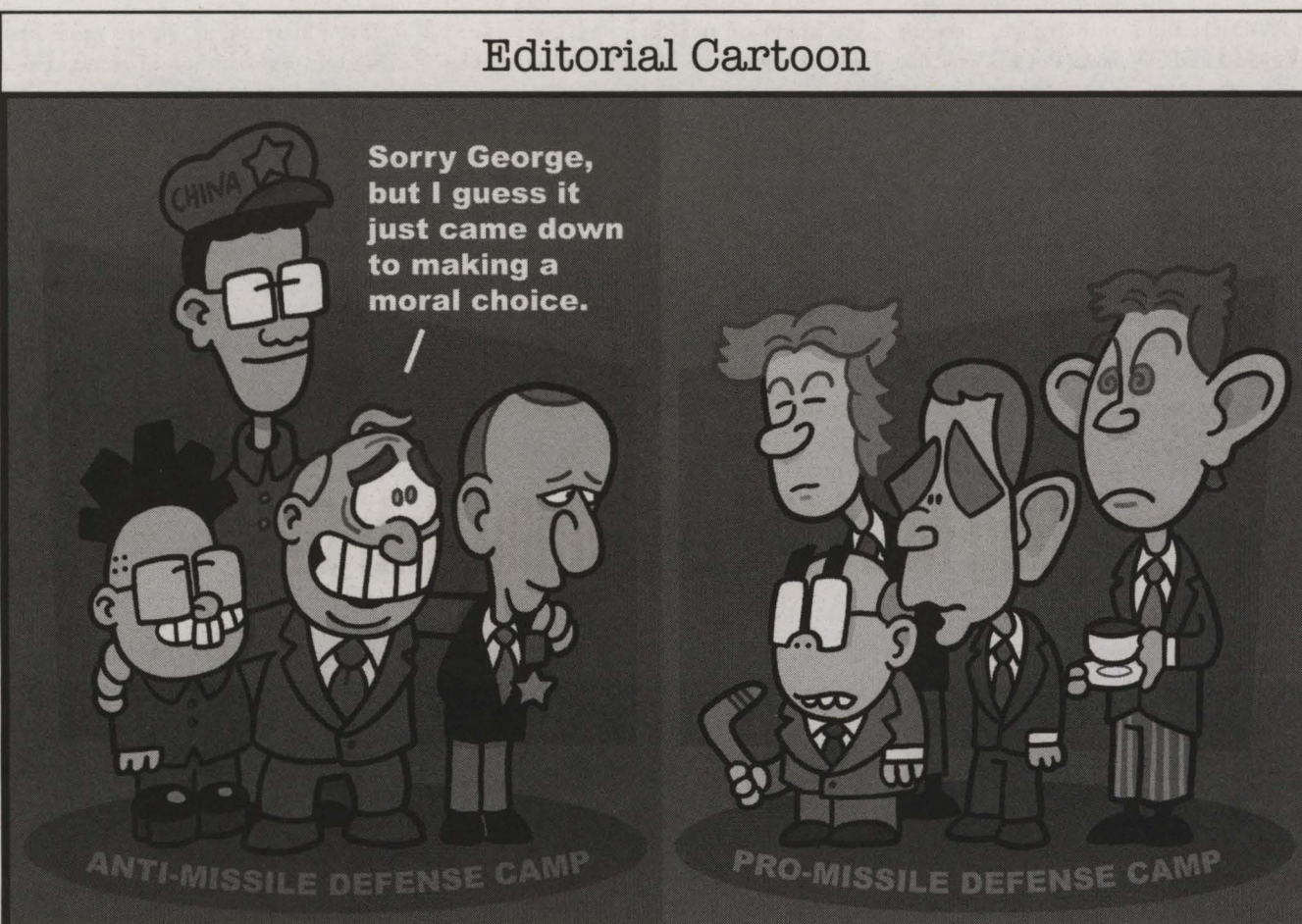
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7) Define "the liberal elite, the liberal agenda, and/or the left-wing liberal media," making a case for why your definition is whatever it is.

I generally think of the "liberal elite" within this country as being composed of a certain clique of upper-class pseudo-intellectuals in eastern Canada who feel that they alone understand everything there is to know about politics. As the name suggests, they generally vote solidly for the Liberals, or in rare cases the NDP. I think many elite institutions within Canada, such as universities and the media, generally operate under the assumption that being left-wing is a sign of sophistication and intelligence, which in turn leads to a self-perpetuating liberal bias. Basically, they want to promote that their way of thinking is the "right" way, and all other partisan perspectives are ignorant or bigoted. It's very harmful for free speech when a nation's elites share this sort of mindset.

8) Does Gordon Campbell deserve to be re-elected? If no, who does?

I am not a huge fan of Gordon Campbell personally, but I see no reason why his government does not deserve to be re-elected. British Columbia needed some harsh reforms after a decade of socialist mis-rule, and although Campbell's administration has often proved to be inept and bumbling in its policy implementation, overall I think history will judge that he



did what needed to be done.

9) What makes Canada unique in your eyes? We're unique from the United States because we have Quebec, and a thoroughly un-democratic system of government, which in turn allows

Quebec to push this country farther to the left than the majority of Canadians want. We're unique in the world in that we're probably the only country left on the planet that actually believes in our own self-aggrandizing rhetoric about

being a "moral superpower."

10) Does Douglas College need a mascot? If so, why and what should it be? Uhh....how about the Douglas College...Dumplings? I got nothin'.

Opposing Same-Sex Marriage is not "Anti-Gay"

Michael Veenema, *Interrobang* (Fanshawe College)



LONDON, Ont. (CUP)—It is very common, even expected, that anyone making a public comment about homosexual marriage is going to speak in favour. If that is what you are expecting in this article, I am sorry to say that you will be disappointed.

One of the myths many people have bought into is that those who don't favour same-sex marriages and other public affirmations of homosexuality are simply against gays and lesbians. People who believe this are irrational. There is no discussing things with them. They hold, against reason, to an anti-gay agenda.

Thus, many Protestant Christians, Roman Catholics, and other "social conservatives" are branded as "fundamentalist," or worse, "homophobic," a term some people use to paint anyone who expresses reservations about same-sex marriages, gay-pride events, and

so forth. Calling people names is never a good idea. I don't think that deploying these stereotypical and virtually useless labels is helpful. They are used, I believe, consciously or not, as instruments of power, of intimidation. Disagree with me, and I will call you a name in the city or national newspaper.

There are many issues surrounding the area of how people respond to the gay-marriage question. I want to highlight just one for now. That is that the vast majority of those who don't support same-sex marriage are not so much against something as they are for something. And what they are for is a view of marriage and family that should receive serious consideration—much more serious than, say, that given by many celebrities and journalists who act as if there could be nothing more obvious than the rightness of gay coupling, marriage, and parenting.

Continued on page 10

Continued From page 9

What they are for is well-summarized in "A Declaration on Marriage," recently published in the *National Post* and available online. The declaration is in keeping with the thinking of many Protestants and Catholics, though it relies on no obviously "religious" arguments. It contains seven extended statements, and I will try to summarize them.

One: All human beings are biologically rooted in a father and mother. The father-mother-child relationship is protected by societies as the only natural means of continuing human society.

Two: Marriage in Canada has meant the union of one man and one woman and promotes the biological union of two opposites as the basis for family.

Three: Marriage is fundamentally and mainly for the well-being of children. It is a child-centred, not adult-centred institution.

Four: Marriage rests on four conditions involving number, gender, age, and incest. In other words, marriage requires a person to be married to only one person at a time, to an opposite in gender, who is not below a certain age, and who is not a

near relative.

Five: Marriage is about more than equality. It is also about difference. Same-sex partnerships may receive certain benefits. But those partnerships are not the unique things that marriages are.

Six: Marriage is about more than private love. It is about the biological fact that children come from two humans of the opposite sex and the social fact that children have a claim to the love and support of their own biological mothers and fathers.

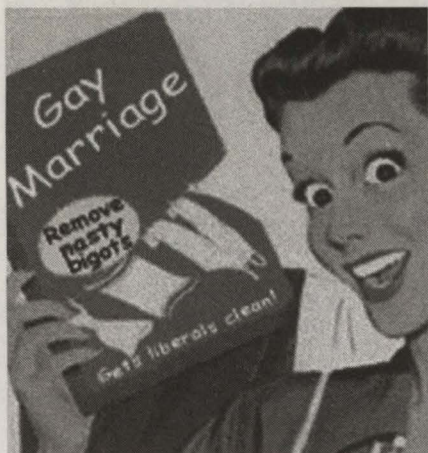
Seven: Marriage belongs to the people.

The state, the courts, not even the church, invented it. It has evolved through the wisdom and practice of countless people. If it is changed without free discussion in parliament and in other public venues, the Canadian public trust will be damaged.

Marriage transcends our individual needs (while fulfilling them). It is about something much bigger. And that is why I think that even if the definition of marriage is reworked by the powers that be, there will be many counter-cultural unbelievers who realize that something has gone off the rails.

Opposing Gay Marriage is Totally Anti-Gay

CF Miley, Opinions Editor



People who claim to oppose gay marriage, but not be "anti-gay" are full of crap. In this day and age of hedonism, MTV-lifestyles, and bling before facts, should society as a whole not be applauding anyone willing to wade into the quagmire that "marriage" has become?

According to StatsCan's Website, 37.2 percent of all Canadian marriages end in divorce (2002 figures). That's more than one in three, people. News Flash! Heterosexuals Bad at Marriage: Gay/Lesbian/Transgendered Folks Eager for Their Turn.

What is it about two people of the same sex getting married that has North Americans (well, Canadians and Americans, actually, I'll let Mexicans speak for themselves) in such a tizzy? It's homophobia, that's what.

With marriage comes sacred vows and inalienable rights. You get to share in your spouse's benefit packages, receive tax breaks, and, equally importantly, be accepted as a "family unit" in the eyes of society. Imagine what would happen if Jews were not allowed to marry? Or blonde-haired people? Or people that weigh over 300 pounds? There would be

riots in the streets. Why is it still okay to hold this bias against gay people?

In response to a recent *National Post* article entitled, "A Declaration on Marriage," I will give you an abbreviated form of my own seven-step plan to ensure equal rights for all people, regardless of their sexual preference.

One: Not all people find themselves attracted to members of the opposite sex. It's perfectly natural. Deal with it.

Two: Marriage in Canada shall henceforth consist of a solemn vow, taken in earnest, by any two consenting adults.

Three: Marriage is fundamentally and mainly for the well-being of those people who wish to engage in it.

Four: Marriage rests on four conditions involving number, gender, age, and incest. In other words, it requires a person to be married to only one person at a time, to a person of any gender (No bestiality marriages, though. I'm talking to you, cat lovers), who is not below a certain age, and who is not a near relative. The incest clause shall be extended to include Catholic Priests, who shall have their balls cut off if they ever diddle a child. Shame on the Catholic Church for turning a blind eye during decades of abuse.

Five: Marriage is about more than equality. It is also about difference. Same-sex partnerships must be given equal rights, benefits, and recognition. How's that for a difference?

Six: Marriage is about more than private love. It is about the biological fact that some people are born gay. Love is love is love is love. I know this is repeated information here, but it's worth repeating.

Seven: Marriage belongs to the people. The state, the courts, not even the church, invented it. It has evolved through the wisdom and practice of countless people. It's time for it to evolve again to include all people, not just those people who believe that I'm going to hell.

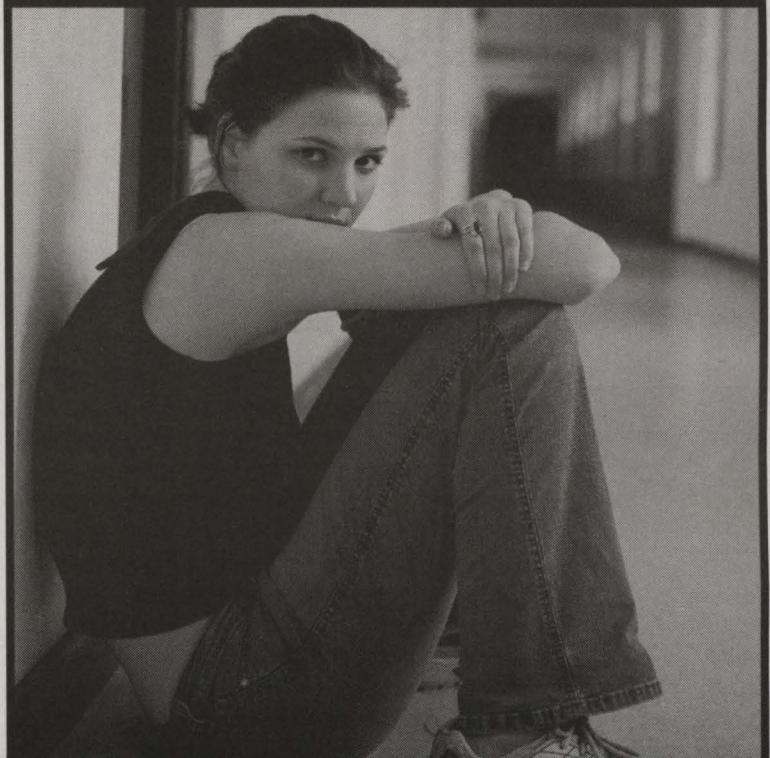
Allowing any person to be discriminat-

ed against is wrong. If someone wishes to have their relationship received and recognized in the eyes of the god of their understanding, and their government, they should be able to. I've never understood how a same-sex marriage somehow

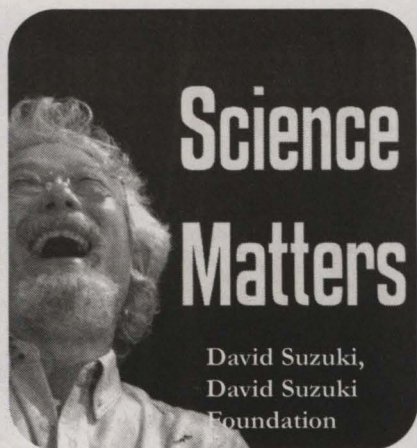
degrades any other marriage. Maybe if people spent more time focused on their own affairs—and kept their noses out of other peoples'—divorce rates would come down in Canada. Do it for the kids, man. The kids!

You are not alone

The Students' Union's Pride Collective provides resources for lesbian, gay, bisexual and transgendered students at the college. The Collective meets Thursdays at 3:00 in room 328 in the students' union building at the New Westminster Campus. All lesbian, gay, bisexual and transgendered, questioning and allied students are welcome.



Douglas Students' Union
Canadian Federation of Students Local 18



Science Education an Ongoing Process

Am I wasting my time? Good question. I spent the first half of my life working as a scientist. But, as I came to recognize the vast and complicated array of social and ethical issues emerging from new scientific

and technological advances, I decided to step back, examine these issues from a broader perspective and help bring them to the public's attention.

My belief was that these issues were set to profoundly change humanity's role in the world and our relationships with each other. I believed that, by informing people about issues such as cloning, organ transplants, genetic engineering, and environmental pollution as they arose, it would not only increase people's understanding of these specific issues, but also whet their appetites to learn more about science in general and how it affects their lives. In the end, they would have better information from which to make choices and decisions.

It's a pretty basic assumption, but one that proved difficult to test and measure because so many variables are involved. However, a new analysis of 200 studies from 40 countries presented recently at a meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science has found that, regardless of someone's age, nationality or education, the more they know about science, the more favourably they will view science in general.

That's a good start, but we still have a long way to go bring about a broader edu-

cation of science issues to the public. I often find myself being interviewed by members of the media and realizing that they haven't got a clue what I'm talking about. It can be frustrating, but I can't really blame individual journalists. Reporters are asked to have some level of knowledge about everything—a very difficult task indeed. Plus, in an effort to reduce costs, most newsrooms do not have reporters on staff who specialize in science issues.

Compounding the problem is the fact that scientists don't receive much training in communicating their work and what it means to the average person. Many scientists are also afraid to simplify or "dumb down" their messages for a lay audience for fear that some of the nuances of their work may be lost or that their peers may disapprove. Plus, while there may be a shortage of scientists with good communications skills, there's no shortage of well-financed people with vested interests in certain areas who have the time and money to ensure their message is heard—regardless of its scientific accuracy.

An unfortunate result of this is a general confusion about scientific issues such as climate change or stem cell research. The public ends up getting so many

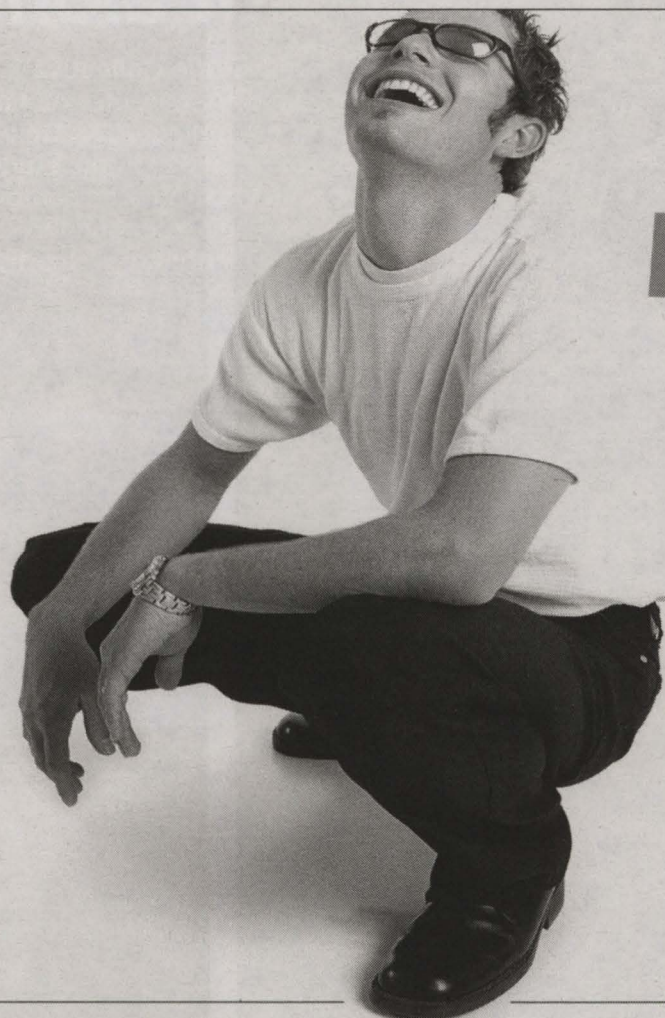
mixed messages that people don't know what to believe. When that happens, trust and respect for science in general declines.

Of course, this is not to say that we should take the results of every new study as gospel—quite the opposite. In fact, having a good understanding of science in general will help people realize that the discipline proceeds incrementally and that it measures only small bits of the world at a time. There are inherent weaknesses with such a system, but it can be a very powerful tool. In fact, science and technology are arguably the most powerful forces shaping society today.

That's why science education, broad dissemination of scientific findings, and thoughtful analyses of the issues that arise from science and technology are so important. In order for us to make the best decisions about our future, we need to have access to the best available information.

It's good to know that I haven't been wasting my time. But it's also a bit daunting to consider how much work we still have to do.

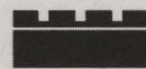
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Sympathetic Director Tackles Tough Themes

Kate Lancaster, OP Contributor



Photos by Angela Blattmann

Heavy themes, wry humour, and the deep mysteries of life fill Lanford Wilson's Obie Award-winning play *Sympathetic Magic*. The students in the Douglas College theatre department are working with guest director Sarah Rodgers to bring this piece to life. It's no easy task. In fact, according to Rodgers, a professional actor and director, even seasoned pros would find this play hard to tackle. So how is she going about directing theatre students in a play where the characters are incredibly intelligent, cynical thirty-somethings in the midst of a life crisis? How does she convey the complexity of themes in the play to young actors, most of whom are barely out of their teens? With "lots of rehearsal time, lots of research, and lots of little, tiny baby steps



w.
themes in *Sympathetic Magic* range from discovery to illness, from the meaning of abortion, and from science to art. Themes are explored through the characters and through their relationships with each other. The central relationship is between Andy and Barbara. Andy, an astro-physicist, and Barbara, a sculptor, are two successful workaholics who have dedicated their lives to their work and to each other.

At the beginning of the play, Andy and Barbara, two scientists discover something that has far-reaching repercussions for the world. This discovery goes hand-in-hand with much more personal revelation for them that will have far-reaching repercussions for him and for his relationship with

Barbara's personal universe changes dramatically when Barbara unexpectedly becomes pregnant. Since having children is definitely not the couple's agenda, Barbara decides to have an abortion. Although Andy and Barbara have always agreed they will not have children, the sudden reality of a life forming, and the help she has created, slowly changes Andy's instincts kick in, and Andy realizes that on an emotional level, he really wants the

Thus, Wilson spins the central conflict of the play, the outcome of which is chaotic and violent. The dark matter of the universe is reflected in the very earthly decisions of

into the layers that the playwright provides and subtly bring them to life through their characterizations.

Rodgers is slowly helping the students

People will be blown away to see students doing this work. This is a hugely exciting and challenging piece for all of us in the room

every-day life. This darkness seeps into the consciousness of each character, and each, in turn, must wade through it to find resolution.

Lanford Wilson is an incredibly prolific and adept playwright. In *Sympathetic Magic*, he manages to present complex, heavy subject matter with a witty, sarcastic, and wry tone. This juxtaposition of dark content and light tone supports the play's central conflict, but in doing so, it makes the play incredibly challenging for the actors. They must dig deep

into peel Wilson's onion. Fortunately, she and the cast have the time to meticulously unravel the layers of the script because of an unusually long rehearsal period. Rodgers says, "Coming to New Westminster is like going to Europe. I get to have three months to work with these actors. So we were able to spend the first two weeks at the beginning sitting around the table and doing research. It's amazing!" In professional theatre in Canada, a play like this would have a two- or three-week rehearsal

process. But Rodgers "can't imagine doing this show in three weeks, even with professionals and in professional theatre. It's that complicated and it's that layered."

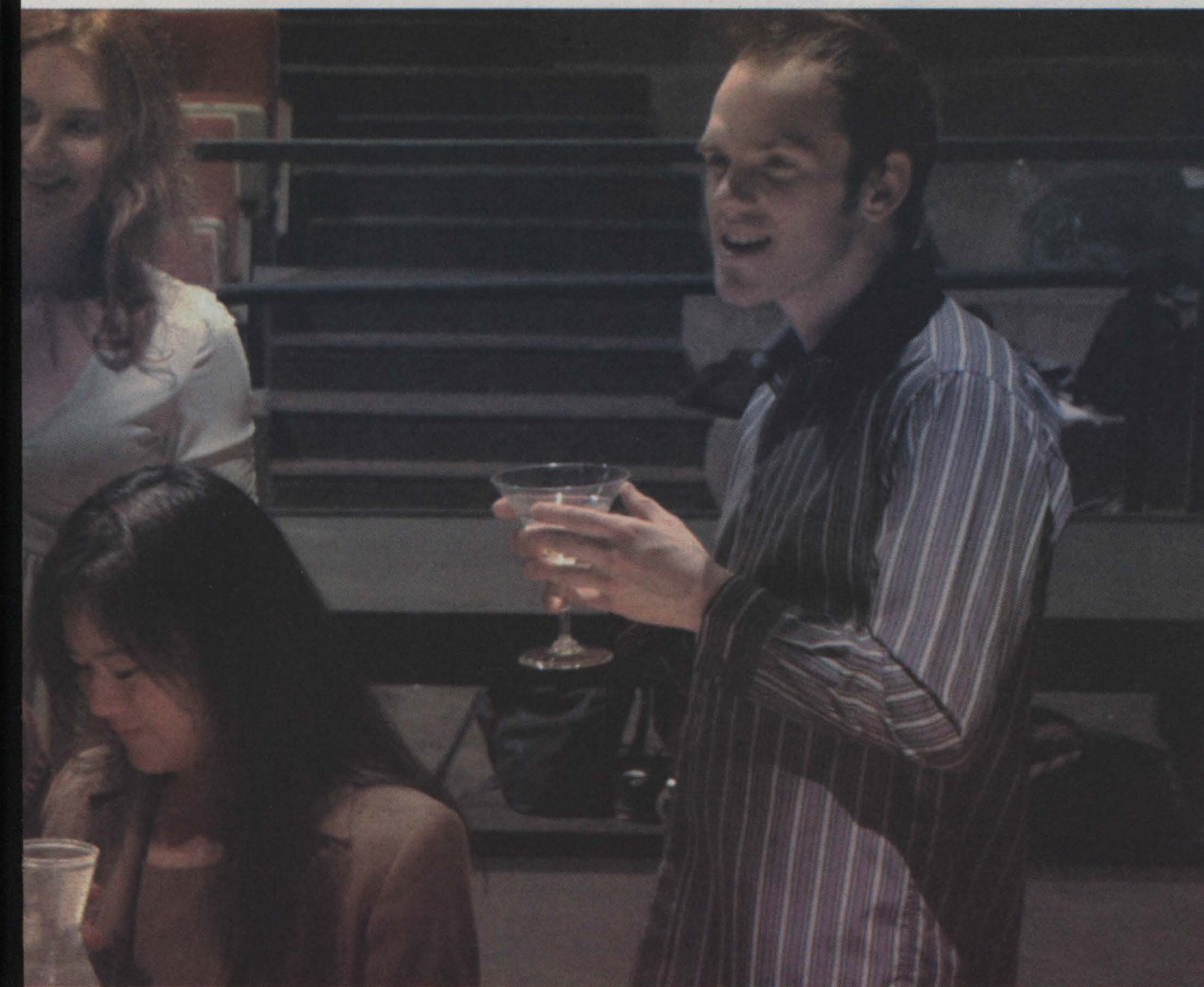
Not only does the college experience provide Rodgers with a luxurious amount of time for rehearsals, but it also gives her the freedom to explore the play conceptually. *Sympathetic Magic* is being presented in the Performing Arts Theatre, which has a traditional proscenium stage (the typical flat-front box with curtains). She says, "Every time I walked into the theatre and looked at the proscenium I kept thinking, 'this doesn't feel right, this feels too flat for this world.' And I suddenly realized that I needed to create a universe, and I wanted the audience to be *in* that universe. So we're doing it in the round on the stage. The whole audience will be up on the stage with the actors in this little intimate space. The seats in the house will be the ocean."

Rodgers is amazed by the commitment, zeal, and work ethic of the student actors. When she agreed to take on this project, she expected that she would have to do a lot of teaching about the subject matter in the play—about astrophysics, AIDS, art, and science. But to her delight, the students had already done a lot of research. They immediately brought ideas to her. Steve Baert, the actor playing Andy, visited an astrophysicist at UBC and asked lots of questions about the terminology and about what happens in the script. He had a good understanding of his role even before Rodgers came on the scene. Rodgers credits the instructors in the theatre department with providing a fundamental grounding in the work, and is impressed by the level of professionalism of the students.

Rodgers believes, "People will be blown away to see students doing this work. This is a hugely exciting and challenging piece for all of us in the room. I go home vibrating from rehearsals, and I feel that from the students as well. They are thinking, breathing, living this world. They know that it's out of reach right now. They are continuing daily to get to the place of this world that is so sophisticated, so challenging, so raw. It's exciting to watch. It's fun, it's funny, and it has a rawness to it that will be stimulating for the audience."

With all their commitment, and with the sure hand of Sarah Rodgers to guide them, the students have a potentially sparkling show. As difficult as the subject matter and themes of *Sympathetic Magic* are, the tiny baby steps they are taking in rehearsals will eventually add up to a leap into Wilson's complex, sophisticated, and multi-layered world—a leap that will allow Wilson's ideas to resonate within the universe of each audience member.

See *Sympathetic Magic* in the Performing Arts Theatre at Douglas College from March 11–19 at 7:30pm. There is a preview on March 10, and matinee performances on March 14 and 19 at 1pm.



Try as it Might, *Be Cool*/Can't Take its Own Advice

Amanda Aikman, Managing Editor

Be Cool, the sequel to 1995's far superior *Get Shorty*, opens with John Travolta's character Chili Palmer espousing on the lameness of film sequels. Tell us about it, Chili. Apparently, the *Look Who's Talking* franchise taught him nothing, and Travolta has returned to pummel the public with *Be Cool*—another derivative, insulting mess of a sequel.

The film reunites us with Palmer, *Get Shorty*'s mobster-turned-film producer, but this time around he's decided to give the music business a shot. Why the music business? Presumably, Palmer feels at home there because of all the "gangstas" in the industry. Oh, and it may also have something to do with the fact that his friend Tommy Athens (James Woods) was in the music business before he was gunned down at a café. Palmer was with Athens at the café, discussing a possible film project for Linda Moon (Christina Milian), a young singer that Athens had been interested in. After Athens dies (at

the hands of a bumbling, toupee-wearing Russian mobster no less) Palmer takes over his friend's job as head of NTL Records. Naturally.

And why stop there? While he's helping himself to his friend's career he also helps himself to his friend's widow Edie (Uma Thurman). And guess what? They even manage to dance together in the film! That's right, in a completely unnecessary tacked-on moment at a Black-Eyed Peas concert, Travolta and Thurman hit the dance floor in a desperate attempt to remind fans of a time when the pair were in a good movie together (*Pulp Fiction*).

But the fun doesn't stop there. No way. Just in case you haven't had your fill of racial stereotypes lately, *Be Cool* will definitely hook you up. The movie is plum full of big, scary, black gangsta rappers with guns stuffed into their comically low-waisted jeans. And there's even a "white guy who thinks he's a black guy" character. Now, that's something we haven't seen

before. Raji (Vince Vaughn) wears red tracksuits, has a *Scarface* poster in his office, and says things like "mad respect." Brilliant. Vaughn is a talented and charismatic actor, so there are moments that border

on humorous in his performance, but there's only so much even he can do with the material here.

Oh, and we mustn't forget about Elliot (The Rock), the big, gay Samoan bodyguard who really just wants to be an entertainer. He has an afro, wears satin pantsuits, and can raise one eyebrow really high. Apparently, the filmmakers are especially proud of The Rock's facial flexibility, because they seem to mercilessly trot out the eyebrow gag whenever the story starts to drag. Sadly, if the shrieks of laughter



were any indication, the full house at the preview I attended fell for it every time. To each his own, I suppose.

The movie tries to weave a complex storyline around a weak concept—Palmer wants to get Moon out of her contract with Raji so she can become a big star—by adding in all sorts of crazy characters and plot twists. Mafiosos, gangstas, homophobic and racist clichés, Aerosmith—*Be Cool* has many distractions, but none of them are able to disguise the truth—there's nothing cool about this tepid sequel.

Do You Kung Fu?

More people do, thanks to Ang and Yimou

Dylan Ferguson, *The Manitoban* (University of Manitoba)



Chris Mitchell

WINNIPEG (CUP)—With the Zhang Yimou romance *House of Flying Daggers* soaring high in wide release, many impressed critics and filmgoers seem to think kung-fu movies have reached a level of ultimate artistry beyond the constraints of actual combat—like the cinematic equivalent of the 36th Chamber. With people everywhere jumping on board, there definitely seems to be a new movement developing in the world of kung fu, and it is pounding away at western perceptions of the genre with the strength of the

Shaolin Chin-kan Fist. Call it the New Fu, if you will.

This trend began with Ang Lee's *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*, a worldwide smash hit that sparked a new generation of martial-arts flicks that emphasize artistry, an ethereal feel, and more wires than the Pentagon. While reviewing Zhang's widely lauded *Flying Daggers* on his iconic TV show, über-critic Roger Ebert enthusiastically proclaimed that kung-fu movies have been greatly improved in recent years. But entrenched fans would beg to differ.

"I think it's kind of garbage," says Chris Mitchell of the New-Fu movement. Mitchell, in addition to being an astute martial-arts fan, is co-owner, with Tim Yuen, of Asian video boutique Ir-ben Entertainment, whose hallowed shelves are home to one of the finest collections of classic kung fu in Winnipeg.

"I think chop-sockey stuff, the old stuff, is more inventive. I think a lot of the new stuff they make right now is to sell it to North America."

Indeed, while the milky directing, Yo-Yo Ma musical scores, and bloodless acrobatics of New Fu make the genre accessible to every latte-sipping, Enya-listening white person on the continent, they leave many die-hard fans in the dark. They

lack the unpolished cool, the gritty fun, and the underlying humour of '70s "True Fu," not to mention the violence. You won't find a single severed arm, gushing slit throat, detached eyeball, exploded heart, or flying guillotine in Zhang Yimou.

Sikung Pat Gallagher is owner of Tiger Claw Gung-fu School, and, even after more than 40 years as a top kung-fu instructor, the large, solid, bald man is an imposing presence.

When I talked to the grandmaster, he insisted all kung-fu movies are simple entertainment, but he acknowledges how they have helped to sow western interest in the Chinese arts.

"When Bruce Lee came around in the '70s that was the popularity thing," he says, referring to the fad status to which t-shirt icon Lee raised the martial arts. "Now you have every master—you have Jackie Chans and Jet Lis, and they're all over. Movie after movie. And they all claim to be Bruce Lees. There's a new one out. I can't remember what his name is."

"Tony Jaa? The Thai guy?" I say.

"The Thai guy, yeah. He's going to be the replacement for Bruce Lee. But I've heard of a hundred of those," says Gallagher.

The fact that this one aspect of Chinese culture has registered with westerners since *The Dragon* leapt onto the scene is certainly not lost on the Chinese themselves. It just might be a key instigator in the move to make martial-arts movies more accessible to the rich western market.

Mitchell explains why he thinks North

Americans like artistic kung-fu movies.

"It fits into their stereotype of what an Asian movie should be, or at least what they think Asian culture is," says Mitchell.

The success of these films does seem to expose ignorance, if not an outright condescension, toward Chinese cinema in the West. I wonder how many of the critics who showered praise on *House of Flying Daggers* have seen, or even heard of, Chinese films like Wong Kar Wai's meditative romance *2046*, or Li Chuan's masterpiece of stark minimalism *Kekexili*—two much better jade-screen releases from 2004. In fact, Zhang's kung-fu films were produced with funding from the Chinese government, a luxury which filmmakers like Wong and Li have to do without because their films don't have people kicking each other, and thus have no market value in the west.

So, how will kung-fu cinema evolve in the future?

"I hope it doesn't," says Mitchell. "I hope they keep it simple and don't do too much special effects and wires and all that. I like it when it's just Jet Li doing his thing. Or that new Tony Jaa guy."

It is interesting that, like Sikung Gallagher, he brought up Tony Jaa, because the Thai film *Ong-bak*, which is playing all over the city, marks a return to the kind of gritty, nose-breaking martial-arts pic that has all but disappeared in Hong Kong. The New Fu may be the 36th Chamber, but, like the Master Killer discovered, kung fu should also be out on the streets.

They Liked It So Much They Paid For It Twice

Movie tells the story of Wilco's great victory for rock

Iain Reeve, OP Contributor

**I AM TRYING TO BREAK YOUR HEART
A FILM ABOUT WILCO BY SAM JONES**



I Am Trying To Break Your Heart—A Film About Wilco By Sam Jones seems to be one of the greatest benefactors of the unpredictability of the music industry in music-film history. While it is true that if you follow any rock band around for long enough you're going to see some things

that are...interesting, Wilco's case is somewhat unique. As a member of their management team mentions in the film, "It's not a *VH1 Behind the Music* story. It's not a drugs, groupies, celebrity story at all. This band's story is the music." So if you're looking for a story about those other things, look elsewhere. If you're looking for something self indulgent and fake perhaps, you should try the Metallica movie. Here you're just going to get raw emotion, perseverance, and last but not least, something every rock movie should have: the triumph of art over business.

The film seems as though it was originally meant as a documentary following the band on the adventure of creating and then touring their 2002 album *Yankee Hotel Foxtrot*. However, what starts as a simple trip to the studio soon turns incredibly dramatic. Between the gorgeous black-and-white shots of the band's home city of Chicago, scenes of Wilco recording in their loft (filled to the brim with instruments and equipment), abstract talk of the art of songwriting from lead man Jeff Tweedy, and of course lots of Wilco

music, we start to see the band unraveling. As they near completion of their album, divisions and stress appear between Tweedy and Jay Bennett, the band's other songwriter. The two eventually split, and the film gives both a chance to voice their thoughts about the break in a very honest, powerful scene.

The real drama begins when the band has their album rejected by their label Reprise, a subsidiary of Warner music. They ask the band to make changes to the album, something Tweedy, in classic "fuck you these lyrics are my children" fashion, says no to. "I think to entertain any of their half-assed, fearful, frightened, bull shit would be to compromise something that is a big part of my soul, part of my heart, and I don't have an interest in doing that anymore." The label in turn drops Wilco and allows them to walk away with their album, which cost close to \$100,000 to make, with no strings attached. The band goes on tour, bides their time, and soon enough has 25-30 labels knocking down their door wanting to put out the album. Eventually, nine months after it

was supposed to be released, *Yankee Hotel Foxtrot* is released on Nonesuch records, another Warner music subsidiary. Thus, the band managed to get the company to buy the album that they paid to make. As Wilco's manager says: "They liked it so much they paid for it twice."

Jones' film follows one of the most innovative and emotionally powerful bands in the US of A through an amazing course of events interlaced with the music that made them a subject of adoration around the world. Any fan of Wilco would be wronging themselves to miss this film. However, non-fans will also see something here that will entice them. Anyone who feels impassioned about the classic battle between artistic freedom and corporate sales goals will love the victory Wilco manages here, standing up to the business side and saying "No, we have something amazing here." This is a truly inspiring story for anyone feeling the pain of growing commercialism in rock music. It reminds us that there are still some music lovers out there, fighting the good fight.

This Movement Will be Televised

Kasabian soon to unleash little girl with razor-sharp teeth

Lee Laborde, *Excalibur* (York University)

TORONTO (CUP)—One of these days you'll walk down the street and come face-to-face with a masked man, lurking in the darkness. The warlord-like figure will stare you down with an unimpressed challenging look, as if daring you to do something about it. You will keep walking as more and more masked men creep out of the darkness, surrounding you for the final assault.

This can only mean one thing: Kasabian is on the road.

Last year, while major record labels focused all their attention on stopping illegal music downloading, many bands turned to self-promotion.

DIY became the acronym of 2004, as was demonstrated by guerrilla shows (gigs on London's subways, in parking lots and even in the middle of traffic), not to mention parades, and a gig in a 15-year-old's flat while mum tried desperately not to spill her tray of home-baked cookies.

If two years ago, the new rock revolution was conducted like a Cold War

played out by a bunch of suits cashing in on a new trend, England's Kasabian is now in the trenches, causing riots and doing whatever it takes to get the masses passionate about their music.

You only have to catch the video for their current single "Club Foot" to get the revolutionary pose.

"The video shoot was in Budapest and it was fucking freezing, man. My nipples were hard like biscuits!" exclaims Tom Meighan, lead singer for Kasabian, on the phone from London.

"The video depicts a revolution and it really fits in with the tunes. It was amazing, man—we were making our last stand and then we got blown up by an army tank!"

The Kasabian movement is driven by their logo the Masked Man, their manifesto, the band's devoted fan base and, of course, the music.

"Kasabian fans started it, man, you know?" says Meighan about the so-called movement that Kasabian and the Masked

Man now front. "People were proud to be a part of it. The movement, right? It's about enjoying life but it was the fans that started calling it a movement."

As for the songs, imagine cramming the Stone Roses, the Happy Mondays, and Primal Scream into a rusty tin can and smashing that onto a disc. What you get is the funky, drugged out rock 'n' roll vibes of Kasabian.

"Rock 'n' roll needs cutting up," says Meighan. "We pieced together funk and dance music with rock [...] it makes it fresh."

The hypnotic rhythms make you dance like you're dancing for something special and sing like someone who has lost everything except the will to fight. "Club Foot" is a scorching single, combining a deadly rock swagger with catastrophic drumming and a nuclear bass line.

A good name for the album would have been *Manifesto*, after their movement for life, passion, and self-respect. But that

would have meant some sort of direction through the music. And while the vibe and energy of the songs come across with some brilliantly uplifting moments, the lyrics seemed to have been hashed together using a cryptic code found in a cereal box, one that only Kasabian themselves could ever decipher.

"Gobbledygook!" says Meighan about the lyrics. "Psychedelic rhymes with a mish-mash of today's world, you know? We were high at the time. It's like a bowl of Corn Flakes—you add milk and you have mush."

While Kasabian may be new on these shores, their self-titled debut album has been out in the UK for almost a year now, and plans are already under way for a second album—and this one sounds nasty.

"The first [album] was just a baby boy, you know what I mean? The second is going to be a baby girl with razor-sharp teeth! It's going to have really fat grooves, more in the vein of rock 'n' roll."

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What's On Around Town

CAMPUS EVENTS

Sacred Places

The Amelia Douglas Gallery presents artwork by Daniel Tibbits. Amelia Douglas Gallery. To April 15. For more information, call 604.527.5465

Oedipus the King

Douglas College Theatre and Stagecraft departments present this Sophocles work as directed by Stephen Drover. Studio Theatre, NWC. To March 12. For tickets and information, call 604.527.5488

Sympathetic Magic

Douglas College departments of Theatre and Stagecraft present playwright Lanford Wilson's work as directed by Sarah Rodgers. Performing Arts Theatre, NWC. March 11-19. For tickets and information, call 604.527.5488

THEATRE

Pizza Man

First Impressions Theatre presents a comedy by Darlene Craviotto, directed by Peter Lhotka. Deep Cove Shaw Theatre (4360 Gallant Ave., North Van). To March 12. For tickets and information, call 604.689.0926

Tales of an Urban Indian

One-man show by playwright-actor Darrell Dennis. Firehall Arts Centre (280 E. Cordova). To March 12. For tickets and information, call 604.689.0926

Slyvia

A.R. Gurney's comedy about a stray dog who comes between a middle-aged Manhattan couple. Metro Theatre (1370 SW Marine). To March 19. For tickets and information, call 604.266.7191

This Year, Next Year

Vagabond Players presents Norah Harding's play about the trials and tribulations of a British working-class family during the months leading up to D-Day. Bernie Legge Theatre (Queens Park, New West). To March 26. For tickets and information, call 604.521.0412

Copenhagen

Playhouse Theatre Company presents Micheal Frayn's drama about German physicist Werner Heisenberg's 1941 visit to Nazi-occupied Denmark to meet with his Jewish mentor Niels Bohr. Glynis Leyshon directs Brent Carver, Victor Ertmanis, and Susan Hogan. Vancouver Playhouse Theatre

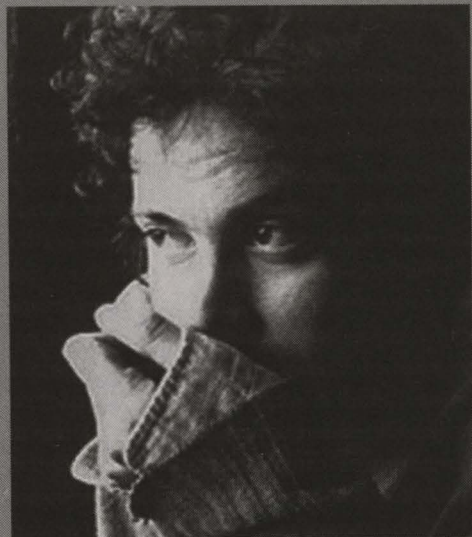
(Hamilton and Dunsmuir). To March 26. For tickets and information, call 604.873.3311

CONCERTS

Oh Susanna

Canadian singer-songwriter performs as part of the busTin' ouT Festival. Chivana (2340 W. 4th). March 11. Tickets \$16/14. For more information, call 604.257.0366

Amanda's Pick Of The Week



M. Ward,

Richard's on Richards, March 13

Lucky Vancouver, M. Ward is coming back to sing to you. Remember that time he played with Bright Eyes at Richard's? Or that other time he played with Bright Eyes at the Commodore? Or that other time he played with Bright Eyes...wow, he sure plays with Bright Eyes a lot doesn't he? Well, he isn't playing with Bright Eyes this time, which is sad, because Bright Eyes are great. But enough about Bright Eyes. My pick of the week is M. Ward, not Bright Eyes. Bright Eyes, Bright Eyes, Bright Eyes. Why can't I stop talking about Bright Eyes? Maybe because Conor Oberst is so dreamy—young, but dreamy.

Anyway, as I was saying, M. Ward is coming to town this week, and he's really great and stuff so you should go see him. He's no Bright Eyes or anything, but don't get me started on them again. Jesus, what is it with you guys and Bright Eyes, it's like you're obsessed or something.

If you like pretty, sad, alt-country-type music, get yourself down to Richard's on Richards March 13 for M. Ward with guests Norfolk & Western. Tickets are available at Zulu, Scratch, Highlife, and Noize! Records. For more information, call 604.687.6794

Remember Charlie Parker

The Campbell Ryga Quintet performs on the 50th anniversary of Bird's death. Granville Island Brewery (1441 Cartwright). March 11, 9pm. Tickets \$15. For

more information, call 604.338.5549

DJ Craze

Three-time DMC world DJ champion from Miami, with guests Mat the Alien and the No Luck Club. Sonar (66 Water St.). March 11. Tickets \$15/12 (plus service charge) at Zulu Records and Beatstreet. For more information, visit www.spectrum-events.com

Tim Berne Acoustic Hard Cell

Alto saxophonist Berne performs with pianist Craig Taborn and drummer Tom Rainey. VCC King Edward Campus Auditorium (1155 E. Broadway). March 12, 8pm. Tickets \$15/12. For more information, call 604.872.5200

Jimmy Van M

Progressive and electro DJ from New York, with guest Kyle Nordman. Tokyo Lounge (1050 Alberni). March 12, doors 10pm. Tickets \$13 (plus service charge) at Boomtown and Zulu Records. For more information, visit www.ph1.ca

Talkin Stick 2005

Full Circle: First Nations Performance & International Arts Initiative presents an opening-night gala benefit, featuring performances by Buffy Sainte-Marie, Ulali, Margo Kane, Sandy Scofield, and Kinnie Starr. Chan Centre for the Performing Arts (UBC). March 13, 7:30pm. Tickets from \$35 to \$60 (plus service charges and fees) at Ticketmaster, 604.280.4444

GALLERIES

Habitat

New paintings by Holger Kalberg. Monte Clark Gallery (2339 Granville). To March 19. For more information, call 604.730.5000

Walls/Graphs, 1969

Works by Glenn Lewis. Belkin Satellite (555 Hamilton). To March 19. For more information, call 604.687.3174

Karl Wedholm

Photographs of Europe, 1928-37. Exposure Gallery (851 Beatty St.). To March 20. For more information, call 604.688.9501

In Excess

Works by Donna Akrey, Collin Johanson, Simon McNally, and Erica Stocking. Helen Pitt Gallery (882 Homer). To March 26. Artist talk March 12, 2pm. For more information, call 604.681.6740

Color Pictures

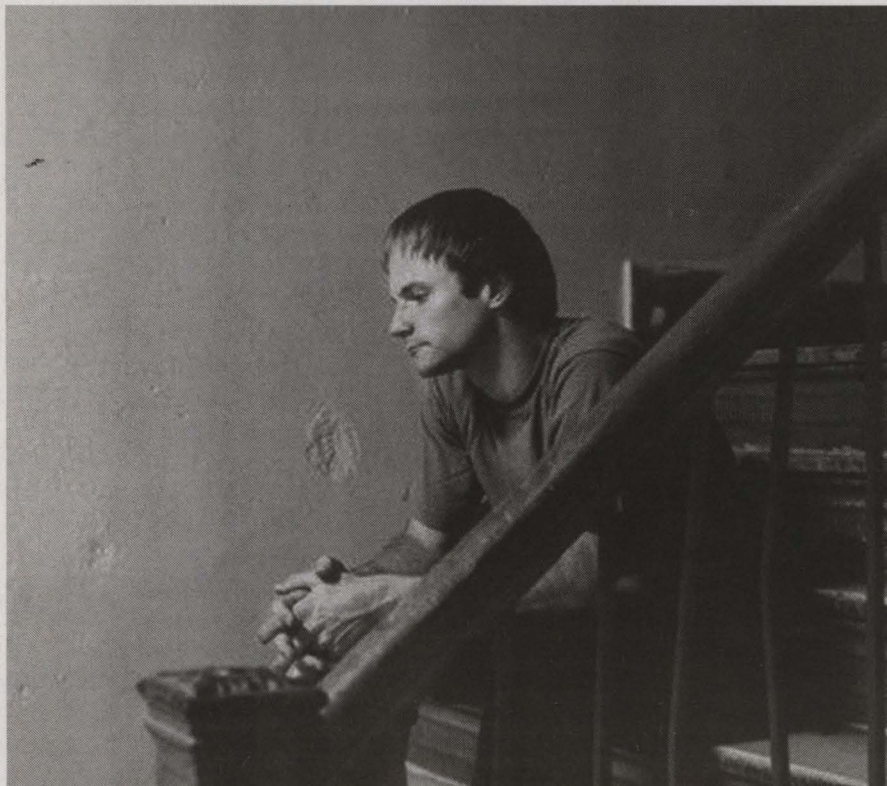
Photos by Sam Durant. Catriona Jeffries Gallery (3149 Granville). To April 2. For more information, call 604.736.1554

Belladonna

Drawings, collage, and paintings by Anne Hoban. Vancouver East Cultural Centre (1895 Venables). To April 13. For more information, call 604.251.1363

When Closure Calls

Jeff Taylor, OP Contributor



Closure has no time constraints. One night I dreamt about an old girlfriend. I had to be careful because I talk in my sleep. It was three years since I last saw Michelle and I hadn't thought about her until then. "Your dream probably doesn't mean anything," a co-worker suggested. "But you shouldn't tell your girlfriend Vicky about it." I agreed, and left it at that.

Two weeks later, I went to a job seminar, and as I drove into the parking lot the weirdest gut-wrenching feeling came over me. I entered the conference room and sensed my old girlfriend's presence immediately. There she sat across the crowded room.

Hoping Michelle wouldn't see me, I scrunched down in the first available seat closest to the door. The temptation to glance over was unbearable. After the painful session ended, I was the first one to leave. Halfway down the hall, I stopped and thought to myself, *I'm being stupid. I should at least say hello to her*, and waited for her to come out.

I forget how nervous Michelle used to make me feel. She said that she noticed me as soon as I walked through the door. After a little chitchat, she offered, "Would you like to grab a coffee?" We drove to a Bino's down the road. Oddly, the restaurant smelled like vinegar.

Michelle looked well, and as soon as

we sat down she said, "As you can see, I am still single." Hmm, I thought about my reply, and all the memories of what we used to have surfaced within a second. We had an intense, passionate, purely physical relationship.

She was eight years my senior, and after her I believed all young men should date an older woman at least once in their

was, and I remembered how I used the special ingredients to seduce her. I used that same recipe to snag Vicky.

The conversation switched to Michelle's life. While she talked I thought I felt one of her legs brush mine, but I shrugged it off. Then, I noticed her mirroring my movements, the dance of flirting began; however, I didn't feel that

Closure has a mind of its own; it doesn't care about timing. It can interrupt your life when you least want it to.

life. I remembered once telling her, "You're so much woman that I can only handle half of you." Michelle was the reason my current relationship with Vicky was so fiery. But, what did she want, to pick up where we left off? I had to tell her the truth, "I'm seeing someone. We live together." But Michelle didn't appear upset.

I talked about Vicky and how similar the two were, and yet, they were extremely different. I wanted to show a photo of her, but I said, "I don't have one—in fact, I don't think I ever had a picture of you."

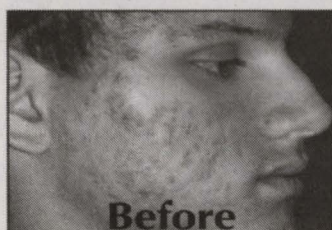
"That's because you never asked me for one!" Michelle responded immediately, and then it hit me. She replied in the exact tone when we were dating. I forgot how all our discussions often elevated into arguments.

Still, we had a lot of catching up to do. I told her Vicky was an excellent cook and that I still didn't know how to cook. "Yes you do!" she quickly reminded me. "You made that spaghetti—it was delicious!" It

way about her any more. And there was that pungent odour again, and the adage came to mind, "You can catch more flies with honey than you can with vinegar." I'm sure that stench came from her—maybe she had fish and chips for dinner earlier. Maybe this was a sign, warning me not to forsake what I had with Vicky. The evening wore on; we gave each other a long hug, and went about our lives.

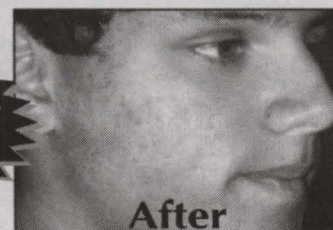
Closure has a mind of its own. It doesn't care about timing. It can interrupt your life when you least want it to. When it comes, it has to be dealt with. I thought I would never run into old girlfriends, especially this one. Then it dawned on me. Maybe Michelle needed closure. Maybe she had been thinking of me, wondering what I was doing, and whether I was still single. I wasn't about to answer those questions. Vicky once said, "You should always move forward because it's bad luck to go backwards." I agreed with her. The past is the past.

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Tree Planting What You Need to Know

This summer job is brutally hard but rewarding

Bruce Montcombroux, *The Manitoban* (University of Manitoba)

WINNIPEG (CUP)—Whatcha baggin'? You make your deuce? Considering tree planting as a road to summer riches? It can be done, but it takes a lot of hard work.

Before moving on to other, greener pastures of summer employment, I used to plant trees. In fact, over my numerous seasons, I have planted some three-quarters of a million trees from Ontario across to Manitoba, Northern Alberta, British Columbia, and the upper regions of Vancouver Island. All those summers add up to about two cumulative years of living in a tent.

Apart from the actual monotonous planting of the trees and harsh working conditions, it was a pretty good summer job—definitely a worthwhile experience. On the downside, tree planting is not all about carefully renewing old-growth forests or reclaiming forest fire-ravaged wilderness. It is mostly “tree farming”—planting clear-cuts on lumber company-managed land for later harvest.

Tree planters form part of a unique culture of workers engaged in seasonal, migrant labour across North America. Because of the small and usually tight-knit communities that evolve over the summer months, tree planting is often described as the best and worst experience one can have. If you can stick it through a full season, you may find your character changed and your horizons slightly broadened.

Like any job, tree planting has its own jargon, rules, and code of ethics—how one chooses to follow them is entirely up to the individual. Unlike road-construction workers, hydro-electrical maintenance crews, surveyors, or loggers, tree planters can spend weeks isolated in the deep bush, northern forest regions, or atop Canada's western mountains while living in fairly primitive conditions. In addition, tree planters usually pay a “camp cost” of about 30 dollars a day just to get fed and driven to work.

Because of the nature of the job, workplace safety and health regulations are often bent to get things done—not to mention the notoriously spendthrift silviculture companies' quest to save money. But this is a reality that is hard to avoid when working in the bush.

Machinery is often taxed to its limits and repaired in any manner possible. Workdays are often longer than anything you have encountered—one can expect the “workweek” to drag on for weeks at a time. Breaks are self-administered and often non-existent if you want to be a

“high-baller”—meaning that you make a “deuce,” or \$200 or more a day above camp costs. And, as a rule, the hot-water heater always breaks right before it is your turn to shower. As any old-timer will tell you, the bush has its own set of rules—



ones that do not fit neatly into policy-makers' formulas.

The small solace is that good company owners and camp bosses are, for the most part, no-nonsense—although not always honest—individuals that deal with problematic situations swiftly. After all, the dollar is the bottom line and they rely on good workers and a sound season for their profits.

The owner of the company I worked for was nicknamed “Full Metal Jim,” presumably after R. Lee Ermey's unshakable character, Gunnery Sergeant Hartman in Stanley Kubrick's movie, *Full Metal Jacket*. Company owners also have the uncanny ability to look you straight in the eye and lie to you without batting an eyelid or losing their convincing smile. But then, often that's okay. All you really need to know is how many trees you put in the ground that day.

Among the many factors that affect the hybrid environment of reforestation, are company finances and changing contract deals, which, behind the daily grind of sticking trees in the ground, can alter everything at a moment's notice. In reality, tree planting is tree farming, and much like agricultural production, weather and prices affect the level of production. Reforestation companies are often under contract to complete jobs within specific

periods and are tempted by big-dollar corporate and governmental bonuses if they finish early. Sometimes these incentives are passed on to the planters, and sometimes they are not. It all depends on the company.

Morale is everything in the bush. Camp conditions can go from good to bad in a matter of moments. Rain, bad food, cold showers, theft, and arguments can send a whole camp on a downward spiral. It takes a certain presence of mind

to hold it together in times like these, because, after all, making the most money as possible is the main objective for putting up with all the discomforts. It is an odd symbiotic relationship among oneself, the environment, and the company. The monotony, physical strain, and sometimes-harsh conditions are realities of the job.

For some, the drudgery is quelled by engaging in one of tree planting's more notorious reputations. Planting is one of the few jobs out there where you can consume as much marijuana as humanly possible and not lose your job—so long as you actually keep doing your work, of course. Although, given the current illegality of cannabis, no reforestation company would ever openly admit to tolerating such activity—and some actually do not.

Despite the organic nature of the job, planting is a capitalist venture through and through. Rookie or “green” planters will most likely find themselves planting new harvests on land clear-cut by lumber giants such as Weyerhaeuser, Abitibi-Consolidated, and Slocan Canfor. The daily witness of deforestation on such a massive scale combined with the knowledge that what you plant is eventually slated for toilet paper, serviettes, and junk mail is discouraging to say the least.

When one experiences first-hand the after-effects of logging and its environmental damage, it can fundamentally alter your denial about the negative impact of excessive consumerism. Arguably, we do need lumber and paper products, but issues of consumption and sustainability come to the forefront. Lumber companies do engage in some sustainable practices, but given growing ecological concerns, one has to question if it is enough.

It is not all ugly, however, there is a silver lining. After my first season, I began working on isolation crews that were often flown by helicopter to remote locations to replant areas for conservation. These areas were usually naturally deforested by fire or had been cut decades ago and abandoned. The beauty of these contracts was that whatever was planted was left to nature's management system and not boardroom decisions.

Living in the pristine wilderness, without road access, where the water is potable and the immensity of the landscape dwarfs your own sense of existence, prompts a sense of stewardship and responsibility. I am not one to openly espouse hard ecological views, but living and working among old-growth forests and its many natural denizens, brought me as close as I will ever come to being a tree-hugger.

I highly recommend tree planting as a summer job. Sure, it is brutally hard work, but you can make good money if you work hard—and I mean really hard. It does, however, take a while to learn to avoid the dreaded re-planting of ill-planted trees—you do not get paid the second time around. Obviously the full brunt of insects, wild animals, torrential rain, knee-deep mud, freezing cold, snow in the early season, broiling temperatures, and excessive UV levels must all be contended with—but you will adapt.

The scope of characters you meet and the friends you make may last a lifetime; mutual manual labour has the tendency to bond people together. Some of the more influential people I have known, I met tree planting; their character, calmness, and response to adversity and emergencies left me with a deep sense of respect for their self-control and awareness. The stories one accumulates, both personal and shared, range from the hilarious to the tragic, but lead towards a fuller understanding of humanity.

If you last the season, the goodbyes are the hardest part and make you want to do everything over again—apart from actually putting the trees in the ground.

Nature is in constant change. What is good one day is not the next; the same applies for reforestation companies. I hope you find a good one. Still, if you take my advice, you will probably curse me at some point this summer.

DC Sports Shorts

Women's Volleyball

Darren Paterson, Sports Editor

The Douglas College Women's Volleyball team fell in four sets to the Malaspina Mariners. Douglas won the first set by a score of 25-22, but then dropped three straight, 16-25, 21-25, and 23-25.

The player of the match for Douglas was Kirsta Schmidt and the player of the match for Malaspina was Jamie Broder. Malaspina went on to lose to Okanagan, who lost to Cariboo, who won it all.

On the men's side, Capilano won the tournament by edging out Cariboo in five sets in the gold-medal game. Douglas did not participate, as they did not qualify for the playoffs.

Barrie Bound for Badminton

Brian McLennon, OP Contributor

The Douglas College Badminton team headed to Barrie, Ontario last weekend to compete in the 2005 Canadian Colleges Athletic Association (CCAA) National Badminton Championships. Representing Douglas was Women's Doubles Champions Lindy Liu and Alice Lee, and the Mixed Doubles Champions Bryan Yee and Tiffany Cheong. All four athletes were named to the 2005 BCCAA All-Star team.

Results from the National Championships will be in next week's paper.

Team BC Wheelchair Basketball

Brian McLennon, OP Contributor

Douglas College hosted the Women's Wheelchair Basketball Tournament a couple of weeks ago. Teams from across western Canada were invited to participate in the annual event.

Team British Columbia, who is coached by National Team coach and Douglas College instructor Tim Frick, had their hands full with some tough competition. "We played well in stretches," said veteran player M.J. Boudreault. "We are further ahead than where we have been in past years, but with all the new additions we are still coming together," she continued.

The Douglas teams (Dingos, Lions, and Royals) will be in Kelowna March 11-13 to participate in the BC Provincials.

Celebrity Justice and the Case of Dany Heatley

John Mullin, *Arthur* (Trent University)



PETERBOROUGH, ONT (CUP)—"I'm sorry for what I did. The mistake I made that night was speeding. This mistake will stay with me the rest of my life."

Those are the words of Atlanta Thrashers superstar Dany Heatley during his "trial" for the vehicular homicide of his friend and teammate, Dan Snyder. The MVP of the 2003 NHL All-Star Game received a sentence of three years of probation and he must give 150 speeches about the harm that driving too fast can bring about.

Police officials in the case have suggested that Heatley may have been driving at up to 132 kilometres per hour in a 55 kph zone. Furthermore, tests revealed that Heatley had consumed some alcohol, but not so much as to be a significant factor. The maximum sentence Heatley could have received was 20 years in jail. But no one expected Dany Heatley, who is considered to be just about as gifted as any hockey player on the planet, to get anywhere near that—or even to see the inside of a prison cell.

What a case like this makes us all acutely aware of is that pro athletes, especially elite ones, have a different set of rules when it comes to legal matters such as this. If the same circumstances had applied to a private citizen, do you think he or she would have gotten off with less than a slap on the wrist?

We all expected that Heatley, with his oddly comforting toothless smile and boyish demeanour, would not receive a harsh sentence. And that is the problem.

Apparently, no one sees a problem

with a system that allows superstar athletes to go virtually unpunished. And this problem is not limited to things like traffic tickets or even drug charges. In Heatley's case we are talking about a guy who is directly and certainly responsible for the death of another human being.

This is not the first time that an athlete's celebrity has gotten them off the hook. We can easily recall the O.J. Simpson trial, in which most average citizens would likely not have had the same fate as Simpson.

Or we can think back to the ugly

incident with Marty McSorley, who used his hockey stick like it was a baseball bat and smashed Donald Brashear on the side of the head. This incident resulted in the crushing sentence of an 18-month discharge and not being able to play against Brashear again. What a response for giving a guy a concussion!

We have let our obsession with celebrity athletes go too far. Athletes are citizens of the state like anyone else, but they certainly do not follow the same rules as the rest of us. It seems that, on or off the field of play, we see no problem with letting athletes punch, slash, assault, and even bring about death, and yet we do nothing to stop it.

The point here is not to suggest that prison would have been appropriate for Heatley. Heatley is not a threat to the public, and did not commit a criminal act in any real way. The point is to remind people that we cannot have a just society if we continue to allow superstar athletes to get away with murder.

The judge in the Heatley case said that he took the possibility of ruining Heatley's hockey career into consideration during his sentencing. He did so, on the advice of Snyder's father, who did not want Heatley's career to be ruined. It seems, however, that Dan Snyder's career was ruined far more than Heatley's.

Don't let excellence pass you by

Excellence abounds at Douglas College. And here's your chance to acknowledge those exceptional people by nominating them for a Douglas College Educational Excellence Award.

"We really hope that people make the effort to recognize the people who make a difference by nominating them for an award," says Janice Penner, EASL instructor and former Educational Excellence committee member.

The four categories for the awards are: Student, Faculty, Staff and Administrative Excellence. Nomination forms outlining the criteria are available in the Library and department offices on both campuses (or contact Debra Flewelling at 604-527-5190 or flewelld@douglas.bc.ca).

One nomination form listing three nominators, along with a letter from each nominator addressing the award criteria, must be completed and sent to Debra Flewelling, Library (New Westminster or David Lam). Other supporting documents, such as reference letters, evaluations and other relevant material is also welcome.

The deadline for nominations is **May 13, 2005**.

Why I Support Celebrity Justice

Darren Paterson, Sports Editor

I have decided to print John Mullin's article in the Other Press because I believe that his is a stance that deserves to be considered, yet it is also a stance that I highly oppose and I therefore wrote this short reply to his arguments.

Firstly, I would like to say that in Dany Heatley's case, he deserved a light sentence and I believe that anybody in his situation would have warranted the same sentence, be they celebrity or not. He was sorrowful for the loss of his friend, he had learned from his mistake, he had been pardoned by Dan Snyder's family, and, most importantly, he had nothing to learn from going to jail.

Secondly, I believe that celebrity criminals, after they have atoned for their misdeeds, have much more to contribute back to society outside of a jail cell. If Dany Heatley were to be locked up in a jail cell then we would not be able to use his celebrity status in a positive way. But,

because he received such a light sentence, he is now able to protect a future generation from making the same mistakes as he did.

Thirdly, many crimes committed by sports celebrities occur in the realm of the sport and should therefore be resolved in that realm. In the cases of Marty McSorley and Todd Bertuzzi, and in similar cases, the athletes were in the territory of their sport and the safety of those athletes is the responsibility of their league, as well as themselves. Just as military crimes are dealt with by the military police, I believe sporting crimes should be dealt with "in house."

Obviously, the O.J. thing is an exception to my point (though his was less a case of celebrity justice and more a case of the greatest legal performance in history) but, overall, I find celebrity justice to be rare. I also find that it is, when it occurs, well deserved.

Paterson vs. Ferguson

Darren Paterson and Brandon Ferguson, Sports Dudes



This week's issue: Would you watch an NHL of replacement players?

Darren says: Hell no, I wouldn't. Everyone knows that there is one hockey league in the world that is better than all the rest, and everyone knows that that hockey league is the NHL. I feel dirty and simple even taking the time to argue this point, but if anyone out there thinks replacement players would be a good thing, then I feel that it's my duty to warn you and to give you a chance to follow the right path before you buy your express tickets to hell (aka: shitty hockey that unrightfully bears the NHL logo).

Over the past thirty years, the NHL has boomed and cemented its status as the world's greatest hockey league, and now it is the dream of hockey players around the world to play in it. Kids growing up in Sweden don't fantasize about playing the Swedish Elite League, they imagine themselves claiming the Stanley Cup in the NHL just like kids in Canada. Or kids in Russia. Or kids in Iran. Or kids in Burma. Or kids on the moon.

My point is that the NHL is the league where the best come to play, and if we support an NHL filled with undeserving players, if we support a league where even our beloved Canucks have the make-up of Nashville's expansion roster, then we will be contributing the biggest possible blow to the NHL's death.

Even Wayne Gretzky has said there is only one league and I agree. The reason why the NHL is known as *the* hockey league is because it is made up of the world's best. And no amount of five-dollar beer will convince me that Rocky Thompson is the world's best hockey player.

Brandon says: Hell ya. I'm a Canucks fan, first and foremost. If the Canucks are playing, I'm watching, so I'd watch scab hockey because I already watch drab hockey whenever the Minnesota Wild are in town.

Granted, "Todd Bertuzzi threads a pass to Markus Naslund who dipsy doodles and wires a wrister over the blocker of an outstretched Nikolai Khabibulin" is poetry, while "Ryan Bonni flutters a pass to Steve Dubinsky who jams the puck past a leaky Martin Brochu" sounds like German swearing.

But the NHL, the holy grail of hockey, forces minor leaguers to sacrifice skill in the hopes of filling in for an injured fourth-liner as a five-minute-a-game guy who grabs and clutches. Given the spotlight, and given their albeit limited skill set, scab hockey would look just like the loosey goosey days of the late '80s—when hockey was at its greatest and goals were actually scored.

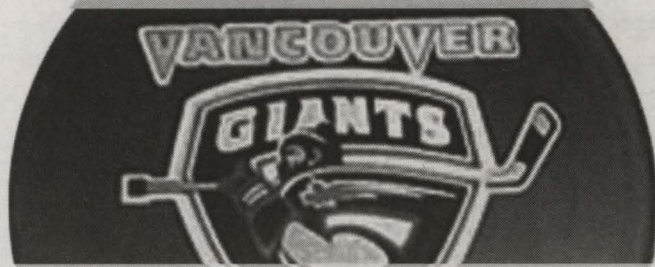
The NHL has been watered-down crap for years. It's gone from the cover of *Sports Illustrated* in 1994 (which proclaimed that hockey was set to take over the North American market at the expense of the NBA), to the final salvo of Hunter S. Thompson (who proclaimed, with some of his last written words, that the death of professional hockey in America "meant little or nothing" to him).

In 1994, America was abuzz with professional hockey, thanks in no small part to the most exciting/disappointing Stanley Cup Finals ever. Then the league promptly locked out the players. In 2004, Canada was abuzz with professional hockey, after the miraculous run of the Calgary Flames. Then the players walked out on strike. Fuck these millionaire babies for fucking up the greatest sport in the world.

If it's the best you crave, I'd suggest world cricket or poker. But as my metal-shop teacher used to say, "I'll take a third-class ride over a first-class walk any day."

Vancouver Giants Update

Travis Paterson, OP Contributor



We, the people of Greater Vancouver, have heard this before: "a lack of secondary scoring."

It's the cynical cry of emotionally invested fans who are scared. Scared, because we know the routine: the playoffs are near, the competition is intense, and we want so badly for our team to take us on the journey to the promised land, that we resist the bandwagon urges in an attempt to spare ourselves from the agony of defeat. Alas, for the true fans it is a meagre attempt, and when the first playoff win occurs, thousands of fans attach themselves, like seals feeding on a school of oolichans, to the idea of a successful run.

When will it be our turn? When will the young men and women cram the sidewalks and lanes of Renfrew Street, parading topless in a euphoric state because our hockey team has made it

through to the second, third, or fourth round of the playoff season?

They say the Giants have high-powered scoring, but little depth. They say their goaltending is topnotch but lacks defensive support. They say their energy is inconsistent, bouncing from a four-goal victory one night to a 3-0 loss the next.

Missing their captain, Mark Fistric, is a valid excuse, and surely Fistric would have helped minimize the Giants' goals-against total, turning close losses into wins. But nevertheless, the Giants are going to the playoffs.

In a less-than-exciting fashion, the third-place Giants clinched their playoff berth during a loss to the Everett Silvertips on Feb 26, as, on the same night, the basement-dwelling Prince George Cougars were mathematically eliminated from a chance at third place in the BC Division. This ensured the Giants

Continued on page 22

Continued from page 21

at least a fourth-place finish for the season.

The Giants gave fans little to hold on to as they closed their six-game season series versus the Seattle Thunderbirds with a winless record. Highlights included Mitch Bartley's 28th goal of the season, Marek Shwarz's 36 saves, and J.D. Watt's pair of scraps with Thunderbird Bretton Stamler, though all were shadowed by another lacklustre performance.

Yet the return of Mark Fistic continues to increase the team's confidence, as his minutes rise and his fearless on-ice play and leadership bring a needed spirit to the Giants' energy.

And that energy will be very important when the Giants visit the Prince George Cougars for two games on the weekend of March 11-12 before returning to host the Cougars on the 15th. The Giants will then close out the season with a home-at-home series against the Rockets, a game in Kelowna on March 18, and a final regular-season game at home on March 19.



The Best of Sport

Darren Paterson, Sports Editor

I was just watching some NBA highlights and was suddenly inspired to write a "Best of Sport" article. This won't take long, but I want to take a moment to recognize something that I think represents the best that sports have to offer: sportsmanship.

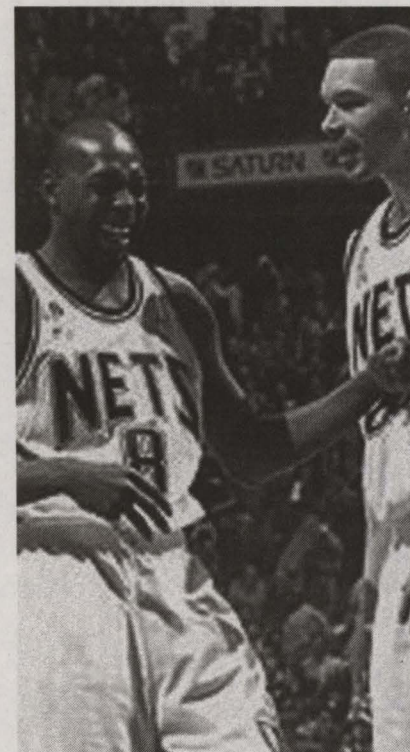
What I'm talking about is how NBA players often chat, converse, cajole, and carouse...well, maybe it doesn't reach the point of carousal, but still, I really appreciate seeing the players smiling and laughing with their opponents before the

games. Because, after all, it *is* just a game, and when the game's over, when the players retire, the people that can help them continue to be successful in life will be the people who used to be their opponents.

Some of the best memories of my life come from being coach and captain of a ball hockey team in grade 12. It was just an intramural league in an arts school full of skinny, dinky, wiener kids, but man, was it fun to play those games. And while the competition was intense, and while I took those games very seriously, I was always able to joke and laugh with my competition. I was often pitted against my best friends in that league and even though winning was always one of my top priorities, those friendships were the most important thing in my life. The number of times that my friends have helped me out since high school are too numerous to count, the number of times that my "Most Assists" award has helped me since high school are nonexistent.

And when I see NBA players, or players in any sport, laughing and chatting before a game I feel a strange feeling of warmth because it becomes clear that those players understand that there is more to life than the sport they play. And

I am glad that there exists a forum where such camaraderie can be built and where people can learn the importance of friendship and trust. And these are the things that represent, to me, the best of what sports have to offer.



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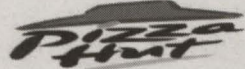
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Badminton

Women's Doubles

Alice Lee/ Lindy Lui. Gold

Mixed Doubles

Bryan Yee/ Tiffany Cheong. Gold

Women's Basketball

Douglas 74, Kwantlen 54

Men's Basketball

Douglas 89, Kwantlen 57

Women's Volleyball

BCCAA Provincial Championships

First Round

Douglas 1, Malaspina 3
(25-22, 16-25, 21-25, 23-25)

EVENTS CALENDER

March 11-13

Volleyball

CCAA National Championships

Saturday, March 12

Women's Rugby (Premier)

vs. SFU Clansmen @ 11:30am
(Queen's Park)

Sunday, March 13

Women's Rugby (2nd Division)

vs. Vancouver Meralomas @ 2pm
(Queen's Park)

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I Saw You

You've been taking a bite out of my ham, mustard, lettuce, tomato, thinly-sliced cheddar, and butter sandwich on whole-wheat bread when you think I'm not looking. But I saw you last time, and if I catch you doing it again I'm gonna eat your children. PS: I love you.

We walked past each other in an empty hallway. I don't know if you saw me but I sure saw you. Walking became mechanical after I was struck by your beauty and time slowed down, causing the few moments that

you were in my sight to turn into an eternity of bliss. I should've said something, but I was too busy restarting my heart, so that by the time I had regained myself, you were gone. It was Friday the 4th, just before 7, if you remember then please, give me just one chance to impress you as you have impressed me. My e-mail is I_Believe@hotmail.com and I do.

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Wanted

OPTions for Sexual Health (formerly Planned Parenthood) is looking for volunteers to assist on the Facts of Life Line, a toll-free, confidential, sexual health information and referral resource line. Call 604.731.4552 ext. 224, or visit www.optionsforsexualhealth.com



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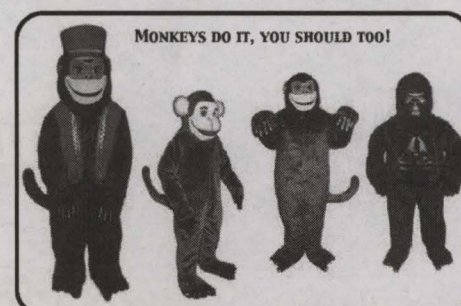
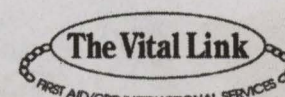
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